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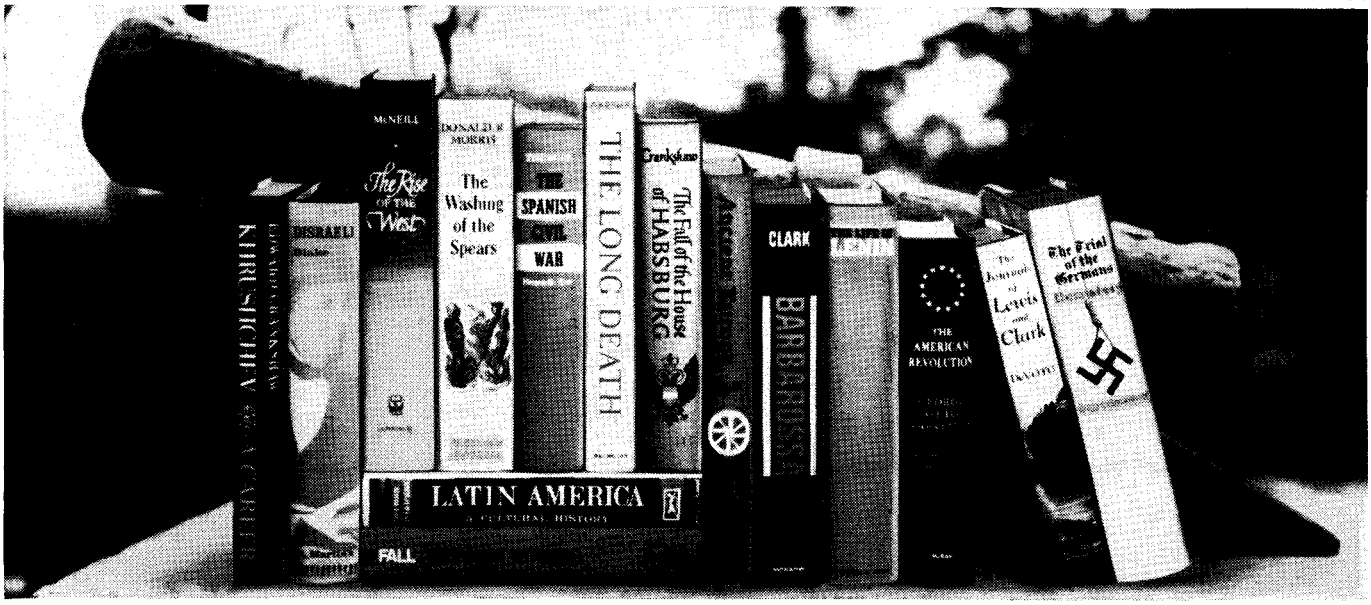

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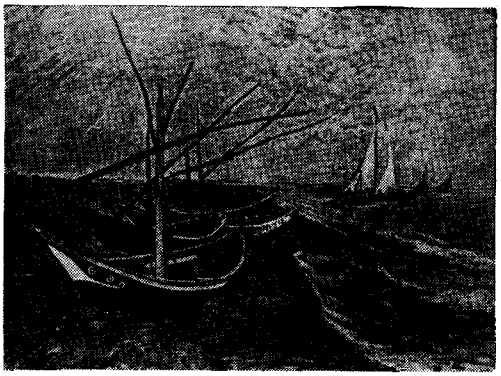

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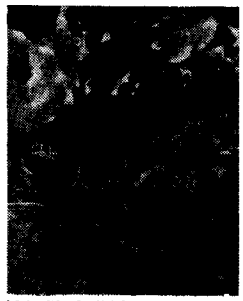

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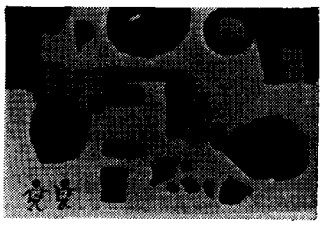

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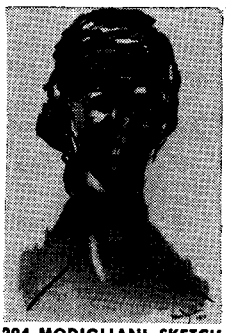

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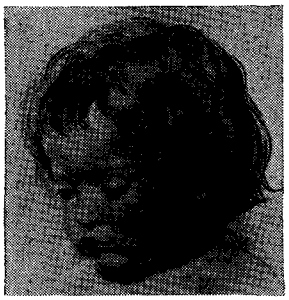

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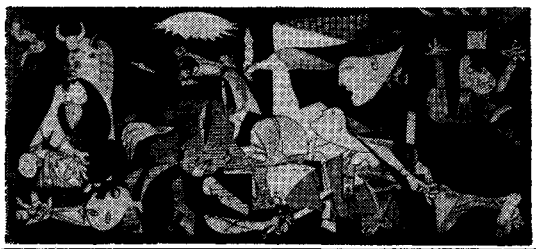

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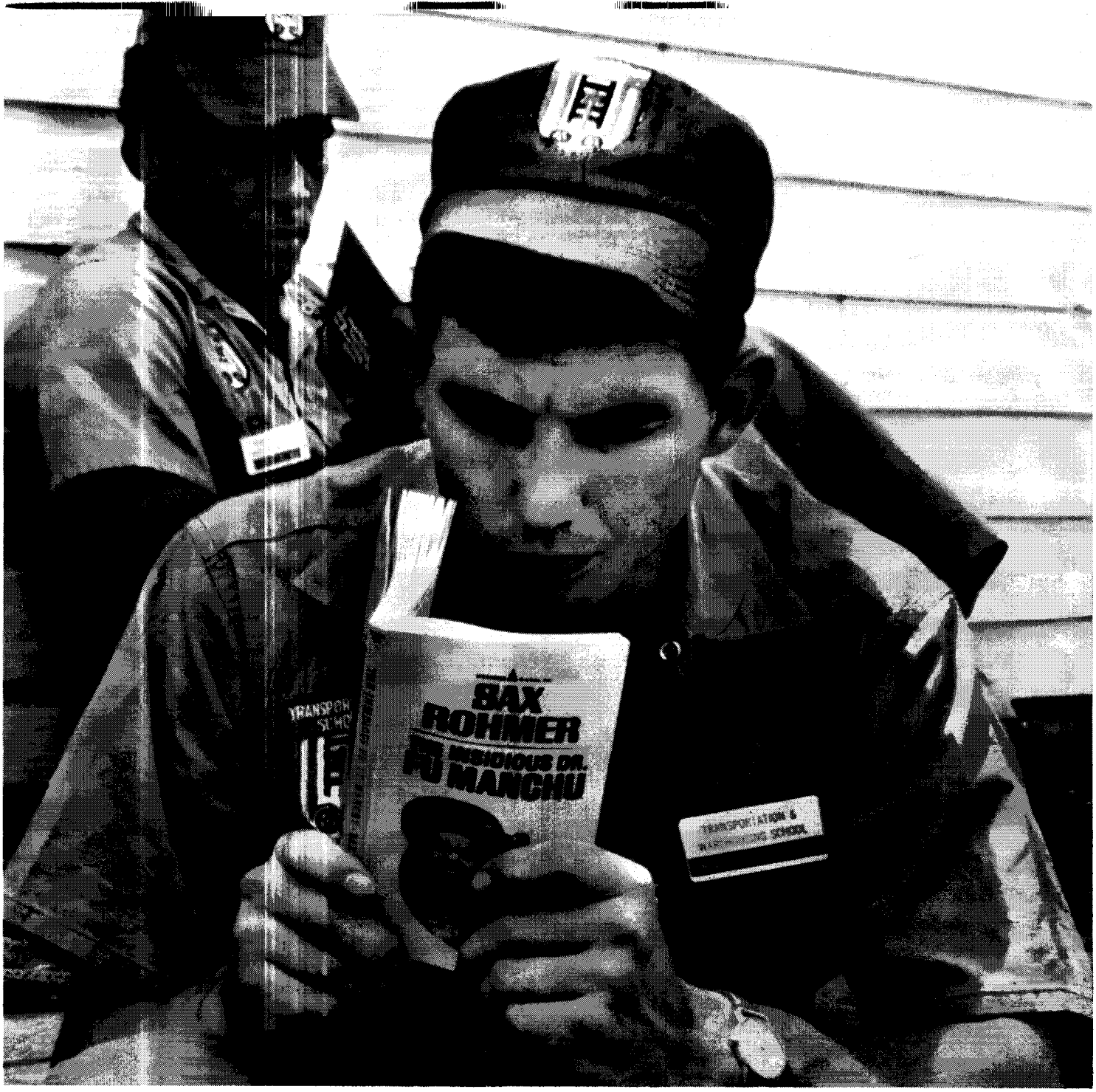

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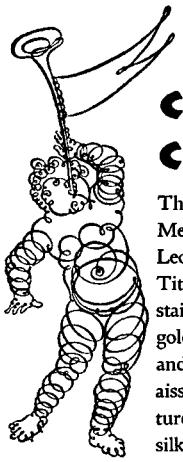

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WHEN all is said and done, the message of the election results from Saigon is that, as the title of **Denis Warner's** report suggests, South Vietnam now exists as a political reality. Its people have demonstrated the fact by surmounting a complicated voting procedure to make sophisticated choices. Out of the maze of regional, religious, and social factions that divide the country, signs of political polarization have emerged from the voting. To be sure, there are also ominous signs of reaction from the defeated groups and uncertainty about the relations among the victors. But the elections themselves have conclusively justified South Vietnam's claim to nationhood. . . . The life of a Special Forces Camp near the Cambodian border is evoked in the impressions and photographs by **John F. Mason,** who visited the area on assignment for *Electronics* magazine, of which he is an editor.

FIVE YEARS after the historic Supreme Court decision in *Baker v. Carr,* the Tennessee cities that were to have benefited from court-ordered reapportionment find themselves almost as disadvantaged as before. New districts for the state legislature created by reapportionment give the balance of power to suburbanites who often vote with their country cousins to defeat urban programs. **Bill Kovach** is on leave from the Nashville *Tennessean* to study at Stanford University as a Department of Communications fellow. . . . Halfway through his six-year term, President Eduardo Frei of Chile is able to look back on significant social reforms in his country. But serious political opposition lies ahead, both from leftist factions in his Christian Democratic Party and from an incipient Popular Front. **Paul E. Sigmund,** Associate Professor of Politics at Princeton University, recently returned from a six-month teaching assignment at the University of Chile and the Catholic University. . . . The troubles of the unemployed in city slums and of the workers on farms where machines are replacing people are closely related, as is evident from **Foster Davis's** account of the plight of the Negroes of the Delta in Mississippi. Mr. Davis has been reporting for the *Delta Democrat-Times* of Greenville, Mississippi. . . . **Fernando Krahn's** cartoon suggests that time is running out for our railroads. . . . The problem of what to do about South Africa's disputed mandate over South West Africa continues to occupy the United Nations, but one hears little about what life is like in that remote former German colony. **Noel Mostert,** a South African-born free-lance writer, visited Windhoek recently.

AN AMERICAN in Paris, **Albert C. Schmidt** has written for us about the pleasures of Romanesque architecture, of mountain climbing, and of French food. He now gives wings to his thoughts. . . . **Gene Baro** is a free-lance lecturer and critic. He is the editor of *After Appomatox: The Image of the South in Its Fiction* (Citadel/Corinth). . . . Among the many theological books edited by **Anne Fremantle** are *The Age of Belief, The Papal Encyclicals, Social Teachings of the Church,* and *The Protestant Mystics,* all available from New American Library in Mentor paperback. The last-named is also available in hard cover from Little, Brown. . . . **Martin Nolan** is a member of our Washington staff. . . . **Robert Penn Warren** has held the chair of poetry at the Library of Congress, and has won both the National Book Award and two Pulitzer Prizes, once for poetry and once for fiction. His most recent book, *Who Speaks for the Negro?,* was published by Random House. Prior to its appearance, a section, a dialogue with Ralph Ellison, appeared in *The Reporter* (March 25, 1965).

Our cover is by **Bill Berry.**

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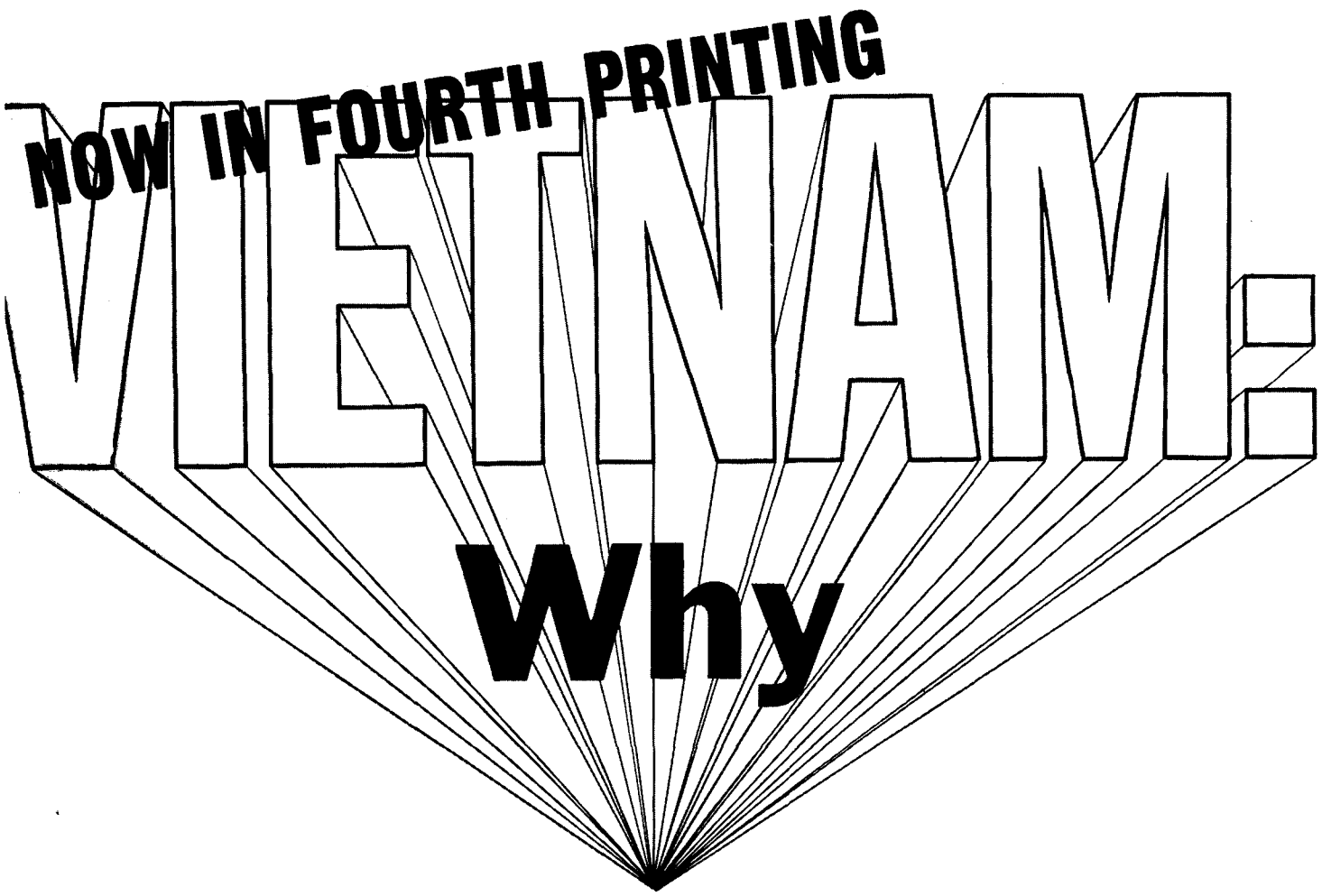

With the first three printings of *Vietnam: Why* sold out, and orders for the book still coming in at a fast rate, The Reporter has gone back on press to print a fourth edition.

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In 1965 and 1966, THE REPORTER and Max Ascoli, as editor, and Denis Warner, as correspondent, were cited by The Overseas Press Club for "best reporting from abroad" and "best interpretation of foreign affairs." Much of that coverage was on Southeast Asia. Much of it is published in *Vietnam: Why.*

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THE URBAN COALITION

To the Editor: I agree entirely with Sar A. Levitan and Garth L. Mangum ("Programs and Priorities," *The Reporter,* September 7) that the most urgent and potentially useful approach in the so-called war on poverty is for the Federal government to assume ultimate responsibility as the "employer of last resort." We should be on our guard, however, against the notion that the training creates the job; it is much more true that the planning and creation of the job generates the necessary training. Our recent approach to this has been substantially upside down.

I would add that an employment guarantee, which would take care of about sixty per cent of those now living in poverty, should be supplemented with a Federally initiated and guaranteed income for the forty per cent of the poor who cannot enter employment due to age or other forms of disability. This guaranteed income should replace the ragbag of inefficient, inconsistent, and frequently demoralizing welfare payments, and might gradually replace also the social insurance systems.

I do not agree with any implication that, in view of the high cost of defense, the resources needed for these efforts must come mainly through redistribution of current incomes and production. The main accent should be upon utilizing a portion of our economic growth dividend to meet the priorties of our needs. If we maintain even reasonable economic growth over the next decade, our GNP will average annually more than $225 billion higher than it was in 1966. It would take only about eight per cent of this economic growth dividend to support the needed Federal domestic priority programs and only about twenty-five to thirty per cent of it to support the whole range of private and public efforts at all levels called for in the years ahead.

Finally, we should be careful not to go overboard in accenting the role of private enterprise. Massive public investment is essential, and we should not let the responsible cry for private responsibility become a reactionary call for public irresponsibility. It is just because private benefits have outbid public needs that the housing and urban redevelopment program has done so much for those who need help least and so little for those who need help most.

LEON H. KEYSERLING
Conference on
Economic Progress
Washington

To the Editor: Although the Messrs. Eli Ginzberg ("Advice to the Urban Coalition"), Levitan, and Mangum make dutiful bows in the direction of the WPA and what it achieved as the "employer of last resort" during the Depression, one gets the impression that

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they now disparage the Federal contribution and would place greater emphasis on the role of local government and private industry in creating jobs for the ghetto poor, with Federal subsidies, of course.

Not long ago *The Reporter* described a sample of private industry's idea of a job-creation program in Rochester, New York, where Eastman Kodak and Xerox, two giants in their fields, were pleased to train a couple of hundred out of the thousands of hard-core jobless in that tense city. Using any kind of combination of arithmetic and optimism you want, I challenge you to calculate the national total of unemployed that industry could possibly train and hire and to arrive at a figure that would even scratch the surface.

True, any "meaningful" effort will have to involve teamwork between the Federal and local and private sectors; true, the experience of the War on Poverty shows that it is not enough to shower money down on cities from Washington; but the time for apologizing for the role of big government is long past. A massive new Federal WPA may not be the answer to the problems of the urban unemployed, but it is surely the indispensable first step.

CARLISLE KNOX
Philadelphia

A SIGNIFICANT DIFFERENCE

To the Editor: In "Soul Brothers" ("The Reporter's Notes," August 10) you note the similarity between the Newark Black Power conferees and Congressional leaders who both propose "solutions" to our current social problems that are made up in equal parts of vindictiveness and irrelevance. What you fail to point out is the fact that, while the Newark conferees represent a minority of black men who are dedicated to a convulsive rebellion against the American system of racism, the Congressional leaders ostensibly represent a significant body of the American citizenry. The fact that so many men in important positions of the Legislative branch of the government should have such a singularly profound misunderstanding of this paramount American social problem is a real tragedy. The tragedy is even greater if they truly reflect the sentiments of their constituents.

OLLY WILSON
Assistant Professor
The Conservatory of Music
Oberlin College
Oberlin, Ohio

OEO CO-OP

To the Editor: James K. Batten's "After the 'Agitators' Left Greensboro" (*The Reporter*, August 10) calls attention to a "vegetable-growing co-operative" approved by the Office of Economic Opportunity and operating in ten Alabama counties, including Hale, site of Greensboro. The co-operative is the Southwest Farmers Cooperative Association, known as SWAFCA, and was funded for $399,967 by OEO.

The co-operative involves much more than the mere growing of vegetables. The eight hundred members are engaged in a massive effort to raise their incomes by combining forces to purchase farm supplies in quantity and to market their products on a co-operative basis. Through their own efforts, these farmers are attempting to raise their incomes so that they can remain on the land instead of fleeing to the city, as so many of their neighbors have done.

Contrary to the pessimistic tone of the *Reporter* article when it deals with the anti-poverty program in Hale County, we would hope that the dialogue that has been established between various elements in the community will continue and will produce a viable program that will work for the benefit of all.

SARGENT SHRIVER, Director
Office of Economic Opportunity
Washington, D.C.

BOND, HOGAN, AND EIMERL

To the Editor: Does the left hand know what the right is doing?

Sarel Eimerl's "Bond & I" (*The Reporter*, July 13) is a marvelous refutation of Donald Hogan's earlier short story on Bangkok. I don't know Africa, but suspect he is equally wrong about that. ["Foreign Exchange," Donald Hogan's short story on Africa, appeared in the July 13 issue.]

SOL W. SANDERS
Vienna

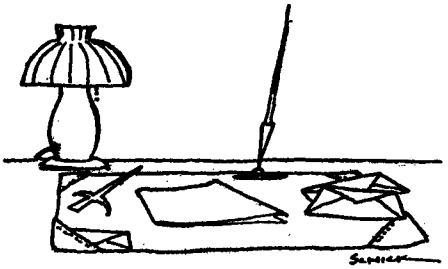
POETRY AND PROSE

To the Editor: I want to thank you for publishing Helen Sorrells' beautiful poem "But If We Should" (*The Reporter*, August 10). And I want to thank her for creating a work so deeply evocative of a kaleidoscope of emotion, sensation, and meaning. May we look forward soon to a volume of her collected poems?

MARK PAPE
Carlsbad, California

To the Editor: I am clipping Helen Hudson's short story "Strange Fare" (*The Reporter*, August 10) to use in class for many years to show students what it means to write a symbolic story that works beautifully on the first level so the second doesn't need to be reached by a reader. If he does reach it, he gets a bonus, but the first is full enough.

KEN MACRORIE
Kalamazoo, Michigan



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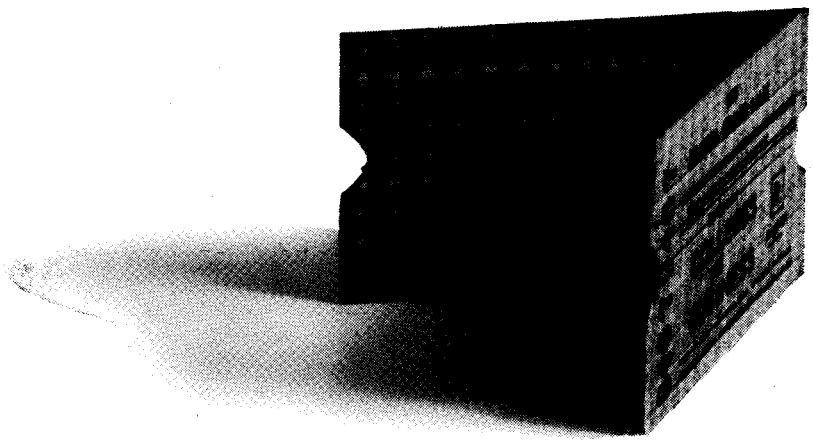

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Rethinking the Unthinkable

"I was shocked in the very beginning of this controversy," Senator Robert A. Taft observed in 1951, "by the speed with which blind partisans in the administration rushed to the defense of the proposition that the President can make war and warlike commitments. . . . As soon as I made my speech of January 5, 1951, The New York *Times* rushed to get Professor Henry Steele Commager to throw together in a day or two a superficial article, published in its Sunday magazine . . . in which he asserts that the President has the right to start war whenever he sees fit to do so."

Senator Taft's remarks were prompted by what he took to be an overreaching of Executive authority in the Korean action, the GATT agreements, and the arrangements then being worked out by the Atlantic Pact countries for their common defense. But so appropriate did they seem to the Congressional debate now under way on national commitments that Senator Wayne Morse (D., Oregon) on July 31 approvingly read into the record a whole chapter of Taft's book from which they came. He pointed out that "throughout his great record in the Senate," Taft had taken "exactly the same position" Senator Fulbright is now taking in his resolution to limit the administration's power to enter into agreements with nations or groups of nations abroad. Morse, whose own adherence to this view of executive authority in foreign affairs has been uniquely consistent over the years, might also have welcomed the excoriated Professor Commager to the fold. Even as he spoke, the National Committee for an Effective Congress was preparing a report on the number of liberal Democrats in the Senate who shared Professor Commager's dismay at what he nowadays calls the "abdication of Congressional authority in the face of what appear to be national emergencies."

To be sure, there is nothing unusual about the fact that public men change their minds on Constitutional questions regarding the separation of powers when one or another of the powers acts in a way to please or displease them. In some respects the current reversal of views on the constitutionally established roles of Congress and the Executive in the conduct of foreign affairs could be compared to the reversal of views that occurred on the prerogatives of the Supreme Court vis-à-vis those of Congress, when the "nine old men" had vanished and the court's positions radically changed. Nor is there anything particularly sinister in the fact that public men change their minds. What makes the formerly held views of Senator Fulbright and many of his colleagues relevant to the debate they have now started, is the suddenness and the totality of their switch from extreme to extreme, suggesting as it does that, intellectually speaking, they may themselves have simply rushed from one overcommitment to another.

The resolution that Fulbright introduced the same day Morse made his remarks would have it the sense of the Senate that "a national commitment by the United States to a foreign power necessarily and exclusively results from affirmative action taken by the executive and legislative branches of the U.S. Government through means of a treaty, convention or other legislative instrumentality specifically intended to give effect to such a commitment." In the course of introducing it, Fulbright declared that it was not meant to restrict the President's constitutional responsibilities or powers or to revoke past agreements. Still, the resolution would seem vulnerable to many of the arguments that were made against the restrictive Bricker amendment which caused such an uproar in the early 1950s, arguments which have been enunciated with particular force by Fulbright ever since.

IN AN ARTICLE published in the *Cornell Law Quarterly* in 1961, for instance, he made a strong plea for Congress to yield up some of its own prerogatives to the Executive, to which it had given a "niggardly" grant of power. "As Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces," Fulbright wrote, "the President has full responsibility, which cannot be shared, for military decisions in a world in which the difference between safety and cataclysm can be a matter of hours or even minutes." And again: "It is highly unlikely that we can successfully execute a long-range program for the teaming, or containing of today's aggressive and revolutionary forces by continuing to leave vast and vital decision-making powers in the hands of a decentralized, independent-minded, and largely parochial-minded body of legislators." More recently, in sponsoring the Gulf of Tonkin resolution, which he has come to regret, Fulbright made some observations on the old-fashionedness of declarations of war that were very like those made by Under Secretary of State Nicholas de B. Katzenbach arguing the demerits of Fulbright's resolution before the Foreign Relations Committee.

While Fulbright has been quick to assert that he made a mistake in endorsing the Tonkin Gulf resolution and has also claimed that he "faltered once or twice" in protecting the prerogatives of Congress in these affairs, he has yet to account fully for this drastic revision of his views. Certainly he and many of his colleagues are reacting to their own displeasure at the administration's conduct of the war in Vietnam, and beyond that they are expressing Congress's classical frustrations in classical ways—harassment of cabinet members by excessive de-

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by John L. Blackman, Jr.

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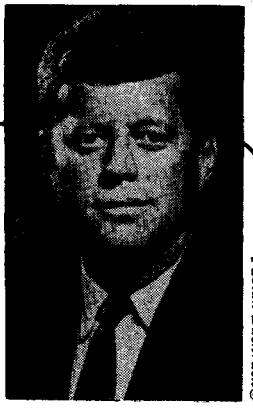

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mands on their time and energy as constant witnesses on the Hill, attacks on the foreign aid program which is the most notable money bill the Committee has jurisdiction over, complaints about lack of "consultation." There may well be compelling reasons behind each of these actions, of course, but there is little question that each has been overdone. In the midst of the complaints that the administration had been uncovered in a secret arrangement with the Export-Import Bank to help arrange arms sales to underdeveloped countries, Senator Henry M. Jackson (D., Washington) read into the record a list of Presidential and cabinet statements on the subject, not to mention discussions of it in documents published in the past three years by the Foreign Relations Committee itself.

The questions that have been raised by Senator Fulbright in the Senate are just as interesting and difficult now as they were sixteen years ago when they were bothering Senator Taft. And it is probably true that those who argued against Taft took an overly simple and overly broad view of Presidential power and prerogatives. But as the Committee on Foreign Relations considers the subject further, it could do worse than to ponder some other questions it has unwittingly raised. Will the trading of one extreme and rigid view for another prove anymore helpful in resolving the genuine problem that exists? Again there is the fact that the overwhelming majority of arrangements entered into and commitments undertaken by four administrations since the war have owed much to Congressional acquiescence and approval in those administrations' policies. Is it enough at this point for members of Congress merely to say that they have changed their minds? Or were those commitments too?

Farm Follies

Over each of the last six years, more than 800,000 persons, on the average, have left the farms for the cities and towns, either because they couldn't make farming pay or because their labor was replaced by new technology. The connection between farm policy and urban problems is clear. Perhaps it is not so clear to Congress, however, as is the connection between farm policy and politics, especially with an election in the offing.

The Senate voted to raise the fiscal 1968 farm appropriation bill more than a billion dollars above the administration's recommendation. It is considering legislation to stockpile grain again, to cut back wheat-acreage allotments, and to help farmers toward some system of collective bargaining on prices.

Behind all this activity is the prediction that farm income in 1967 might decline by some ten per cent. On the other hand, in the last two years it rose twenty-five per cent. Most of the big and successful farms obviously did much better than that average, however, since some 1.5 million farms, more than half of the farms in the country, had gross sales of under $5,000 a year, and net incomes near the poverty level.

Most of the measures now being contemplated will benefit the prosperous farmers, some of whom undoubtedly will invest their gains in new machines that will accelerate the displacement of farm labor. Less haste in bolstering grain prices and more zeal in alleviating rural poverty would seem to be not only good farm policy but also good urban policy. Many of those who are leaving the farms end up in Detroit, Newark, Watts. . . .

It's A Riot

One of the nation's burgeoning industries, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, is the development of new products for the containment of street riots and looting. "Instant Banana Peel" for example, is described as a chemical powder that makes streets ten times as slippery as ice. An enterprise called Defensor Protective Equipment, Inc., has been fooling around with a generator designed to fill riot-ridden streets with an inhibiting chemical foam.

While such devices are a step (or skid) in the right direction, they do have their flaws. However effective "Instant Banana Peel" might be on first exposure, it wouldn't be long before the seasoned rioter would equip himself with golf shoes, hobnailed boots or ice-skates, there-

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by surmounting any temporary setback. And as far as the foam scheme is concerned, even the president of Defensor, perhaps visualizing police, rioters, and entire neighborhoods floundering in froth, admits that it "probably wouldn't be effective."

There is certainly room for more of these ingenious ways to control mobs, and we are happy to report on some new products developed since the *Journal* broke its story. K-Nein, Inc., an enterprising research outfit, has discovered that the average urban resident is instantly immobilized when such foreign substances as chewing gum and dog excrement adhere to his heels. By the strategic placement of these substances in riot-torn districts, K-Nein hopes to bring public disorders to a standstill.

Cop-out, a newly-formed organization, advocates the instant deputization as city policemen of all rioters. Operating on the theory that a law enforcement officer can never be found when he's wanted, the Cop-out people reason that any riot would automatically disperse itself if every participant were suddenly made an agent of the nearest precinct house.

Another firm has devised a mechanism to lower a screen, painted in the *trompe l'oeil* manner, between the window glass and merchandise display of any shops that might potentially be targets for looters. Thus, in a matter of seconds, if the devices operate according to plan, such emporia as television showrooms, men's clothing stores, and supermarkets would be disguised as offices of the Internal Revenue Bureau, orthopedic appliance shops, and retail outlets for the manufacturers of pen-wipers, antimacassars, and burial caskets.

Still another organization, having studied the herd instincts of urban moviegoers and having concluded that the deepest compulsion in civilized man is to stand endlessly in queues, proposes to bring order out of chaos simply by posting signs that read, "Line Forms Here."

Fanciful as these are, they are scarcely less so than the real-life suggestion of Michigan authorities to seed the clouds above Detroit in the hope that rain would put out the flames.

If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.

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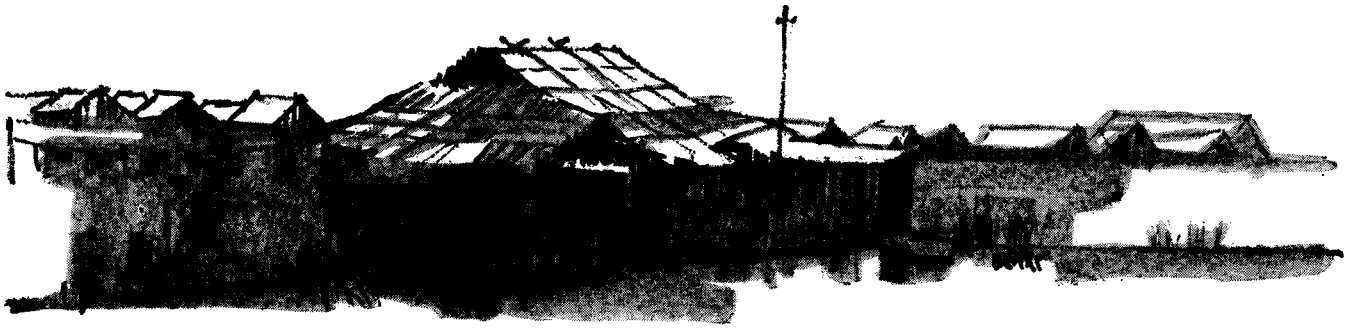

South Vietnam Exists

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

"As a Vietnamese, I can't understand what is happening in this election; for a foreigner, it must be worse than a Chinese puzzle," one of the candidates said to me as the returns began to flow in early on September 4. With the benefit of hindsight, however, some of the mysteries have begun to unravel. General Nguyen Van Thieu and his running mate Air Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky were the established authority and, with the civilian opposition vote split ten ways, ran little or no risk of losing. But the civilian frontrunner turned out to be a Saigon lawyer, Truong Dinh Dzu, whose running mate was Tran Van Chieu, a Saigon millionaire and member of the New Dai Viet Party, a dissident faction of an old-line right-wing party. Dzu, who seemingly overnight transformed himself from a political nonentity into a force of doubtful but interesting proportions, knew where to dig and what to dig with. Running under the symbol of a white dove on a platform that called for negotiations with Hanoi and the National Liberation Front, he was the only peace-at-almost-any-price candidate in the field. Added to that, he had money, which he spent lavishly over a long period on clandestine but effective organization, while his more highly favored and responsible civilian opponents spent very little. During the campaign, his witty, slanderous speaking style contrasted sharply with the Confucian reticence and courtesy of the other civilian candidates.

"Dzu wears a political miniskirt," one disgruntled opponent complained. "He caught the imagination of the youth." "If you're right," one of the defeated candidates for the vice presidency replied, "it says little either for the youth of this country or for the National Liberation Front if together they can muster less than a million votes."

Assuming, as I do, that the military government, as the ruling authority, would have won the most irreproachable of elections, this point is no less impressive than Dzu's emergence as the outstanding opponent of the new administration. Dzu told me, for instance, that altogether he had spent forty million piastres, or nearly $350,000, on his campaign, which he began preparing for as soon as President Ngo Dinh Diem was assassinated in 1963. Working clandestinely under the alias of a fictional Vietnamese hero and using the resources and organization of his running mate, he established his base in five western provinces of the Mekong Delta long under heavy Communist influence. He claims that by election time his network covered the entire country and his army of workers had grown to ten thousand, of whom 7,900 were on his payroll.

The Real Meaning of Dzu

Against this perhaps romanticized background, Dzu's performance merits further analysis. Of eleven tickets running for office (including that of the military), nine, with various degrees of emphasis, had similar views on the conduct of the war. They favored attempts to persuade Hanoi to negotiate, but failing any response, all nine were prepared to continue hostilities. Among them they got nearly eighty per cent of the vote. The solitary hawk who was bent on liberation of the North, whether by ground invasion or by bombing, found that only about two per cent of the South Vietnamese voters supported his stand.

Dzu advocated among other things an unconditional end to the bombing, both in the North and in Vietcong areas of the South. Yet despite his platform and efforts, only nineteen per cent of the voters supported him, and without the support of the National Liberation Front his tally would have been much smaller. His Senate ticket running under the

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white dove emblem ran unimpressively in all but the provinces under strong NLF influence. "There is no interlocking membership between my People's Unified Front and the National Liberation Front," Dzu said. "I have no connection with Liberation Front leaders, but since we stand for peace I think they let people vote for me."

Thus Dzu's showing, startling as it seemed at first, is in some ways reassuring. No doubt a genuine National Liberation Front candidate or even a more respected advocate of peace at any price would have won many more votes. Moreover, some of the Communist vote in central Vietnam and elsewhere undoubtedly went to responsible opposition candidates who were running with Buddhist or other support. The fact remains, however, that neither by the ineffective NLF boycott, nor by votes cast for Dzu, nor by attempts to disrupt the polls did the Vietcong enhance its prestige or give any indication that it has majority support among the South Vietnamese people.

OTHER ASPECTS of the situation are less encouraging. Dzu has taken the lead in a campaign to discredit the elections in the hope that the National Assembly will refuse to ratify the results and order a runoff. Final results were still coming in when he organized a meeting of the defeated civilian candidates and the militant Buddhist leader Thich Tri Quang to discuss tactics. All the defeated candidates more or less share the view that there were breaches of election law and improper practices that swelled the government vote. Their capacity for troublemaking can be expected to grow by the addition of some of the defeated and disgruntled candidates of the Senate race.

"I'm sure there was some tampering, but it was certainly not enough to have affected the result," said Dr. Phan Quang Dan, Phan Khac's Suu's running mate, whose ticket finished third. "I've no intention of joining in any attempt to invalidate the election. The military ticket won and it would have won, though by less, even if the election had been one hundred per cent honest. There were just too many civilian candidates."

While the National Assembly is considering complaints that the election was rigged, Dzu is planning to call for "peaceful" street demonstrations to "express support for democracy." As always, there are dissident minority groups ready to join forces with him. Tri Quang, whose successful opposition to President Diem four years ago was based primarily on religious grounds, vowed never to tolerate another Catholic as President. And General Thieu is a Catholic convert who even before the election was involved in trouble with Tri Quang. Now once again the troublesome monk claims most of the hierarchical support within the Unified Buddhist Church. He has refused to accept the new Buddhist charter that was drawn up on July 18 by the moderate but discredited Thich Tam Chau and a handful of monks still loyal to him. The effect of the charter, which was signed by Thieu, would be to destroy the rival organization led by Tri Quang and the supreme patriarch.

Blunt warnings that Tri Quang will be eliminated if he resorts to violence are reported to have been delivered by General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, chief of the National Police. These may yet forestall Buddhist street demonstrations, but they will not put an end to rumblings of discontent, nor will they muzzle Dzu.

The New Polarization

Dzu is rich and once headed the Saigon Rotary Club. His code of legal ethics, however, has been the object of critical public comment ever since he was arrested in March, 1963, by the Diem government on charges of financial misdealings and tax evasion. Dzu himself has always insisted that Diem arrested him because he was planning a coup d'état. The current accusation concerns money he has in a San Francisco bank. Dzu's explanation is that it is a gift from an American friend to assist in the education of his children in the United States and is in no way illegal. Doubts persist, however, and they provide rich material for Saigon's gossip mills. Although years ago he twice defended Nguyen Huu Tho, now chairman of the National Liberation Front,

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when he was brought before Saigon courts, Dzu is no Communist.

All things considered, it is difficult to believe that Dzu will emerge as either a loyal or disloyal opposition leader of enduring national stature. What is important is that Dzu's showing at the polls has polarized the real issues confronting Vietnam. The Vietnamese have suddenly become aware of national realities. Many formerly important political figures like Tran Van Huong and Phan Khac Suu have suddenly lost all significance. To borrow a phrase from the late Ngo Dinh Nhu, they have become "political cadavers." This is also true of most of the other small semi-clandestine parties that used to be considered politically important. The only political forces of real note today are the military and those who in one way or another support their basic policies, and the National Liberation Front and those who believe that collaboration with it is the proper way to peace. In the past, the tendency was to treat the war as a side issue. Now, as everyone is suddenly aware, it has been brought to the forefront as the one great issue facing the country: whether to continue to fight and to organize for something significantly better than Communist control, or to end the fighting, if need be by an accommodation that could amount to capitulation. On the one hand, the wide appeal of Dzu's peace slogan is unlikely to be lost on the candidates for the October 22 election to the House of Representatives. On the other hand, the new government, which won with only a third of the vote as against the forty per cent that President Thieu expected, has an added responsibility to broaden its base by offering appointments to men of substance and character within the ranks of the opposition.

FOR THE MOMENT, most of the defeated candidates seem more intent on belaboring the military for real or imaginary voting irregularities than with the need for national unity. No single observer can say, of course, whether any election is fair or unfair. I spent the day in Saigon and Gia Dinh, where the worst trouble I detected was the government's failure to provide enough ballots. Polling booths at the Nguyen Khoai school ran out of ballots before noon and only an hour remained for voting when new stocks arrived. I watched a woman sorting out discarded ballots to find one of her choice, only to discover then that there was no envelope into which to slip the ballot. Many people failed to vote here through no fault of their own.

At another locality, ballots were exhausted by three o'clock and many people were unable to vote. An official working at the Vinh Hoi primary school polling booth reported a much more serious offense. Many of the chief supervisors in the twenty polling booths at this center, he said, were asking people to vote for Thieu. His charge may or may not have been valid, but for obvious reasons there were no such improprieties while I was watching.

What was truly impressive, and certainly far beyond the competence of any government to fix or rig, was the sophistication of the voting trends as soon as the count

began. In center after center I observed trends that were soon to become city-wide and then nation-wide after no more than a couple of hundred votes had been counted in each place. Three hours after the polls had closed and before any returns had been posted, I returned to my hotel sure that if the early trends persisted Huong and Suu would be eliminated, Dzu would provide the election surprise, and Thieu would win. There seems ample justification for the conclusion drawn by Richard Scammon, director of the Elections Research Center in Washington, that it would have been difficult to do anything on a major scale to alter the result.

Isolated examples of fraud are certain to continue filtering into Saigon during the coming month, however, complicating Thieu's task of forming a new broader-based government and obscuring the importance of the constitutional advance brought about by the election. Nonetheless, Thieu's position vis-à-vis Ky was greatly strengthened by the results of the vote for the sixty-man Senate. Substantially more than half the Senators are Catholics, including a significant number of former officials and supporters of the Diem government, and their support will go to Thieu on all major issues. At best, Ky can count on the support of no more than fifteen Senators. There are also weaknesses in the Senate situation. The strong Diemist faction is challenged only by the ticket led by General Tran Van Don, which includes generals who participated in the overthrow of Diem. Moreover, the highly disciplined Catholic vote leaves the numerically much larger but less disciplined Buddhist community with only a handful of Senators to watch for their interests.

ANOTHER PROBLEM ahead is the relationship between Thieu and Ky. At one stage in the campaign Ky's contacts opened negotiations with Suu, who was then regarded as the civilian front-runner. No deal was made, but Thieu can scarcely have been unaware of Ky's inactivity during the closing weeks of the campaign or of his pointed absence at the official reception on election eve.

The agreement is for the two men to share power, but this extraconstitutional arrangement is likely to come under heavy stress. One suggestion is that Ky should accept responsibility for the pacification program in all its aspects. How long this attention to detail would suit Ky's temperament is hard to predict.

There is also the question of Thieu's relations with some of Ky's controversial intimates, notably Police Chief Loan. Sooner or later there will have to be changes and they will not be easy to make. As difficulties develop and become public, it will be all too easy to forget the real achievement that has brought to an end the long period of constitutional lawlessness that began with the murder of Diem. At this time and despite the clamor of the defeated politicians, it must be recorded that Vietnam has taken a big step forward.

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Whom the Gods Love

JOHN F. MASON

A REFUGEE VILLAGE approaches. Water buffalo, startled by the noise of our small plexiglass bubble floating just above the bare trees, struggle to their feet and lumber away. Chickens flee straight toward the aircraft. Children laugh and wave, and young women with bare breasts smile up from clothes they are washing in a stream. In seconds they are all behind us, out of sight. Ahead, there is nothing but the usual scraggly trees and colorless weeds of the Central Highlands of South Vietnam in summer.

The isolated homes along streams where farmers lived are now charred walls, without roofs. The Vietcong burn everything when they retreat, and the South Vietnamese and Americans burn areas loyal to the Vietcong when they go in. The villages themselves are almost as depressing as the countryside—sterile and planned, like prison compounds.

The pilot, Ben Crocker, points ahead and nods. In the distance there is a cluster of huts on a plain of red dirt. This is our destination, Duc Co, a Special Forces camp where twelve Americans and several hundred Montagnard tribesmen protect more than thirteen thousand North Vietnamese refugees and local Montagnards from guerrilla attack. Square, like a stockade in the Old West, the camp looks desolate and vulnerable. Seven miles beyond, over the rolling hills, I can see Cambodia —a thin blue line of trees and pale sky. As the helicopter settles down to a dusty landing, Cambodia disappears behind the gates of Duc Co.

A wooden bridge allows us to cross a moat of sharpened bamboo punji spears. To fall would mean being impaled in a dozen places. A Montagnard guard salutes and lets us pass. Just inside, two Vietcong squat outside their small prison, their hands tied behind them. They were caught just outside the camp last night, we are told.

The perimeter of the camp is lined with a number of small huts. Near the center, a corrugated tin roof no more than a foot above the ground covers a buried building. This must be the communications room to warrant such fortification, for without communications the camp could not call for helicopter support if it should be overrun. To the right is a long barracks.

Two tall trees in the camp are equipped with small platforms near the tops. In another part of the world they might have been homes for exotic birds on the grounds of an expensive resort hotel. But a frail, dizzying ladder against the tree and a telephone wire hanging down to the underground building indicate that they are watchtowers.

Only three people are in sight. Everyone is apparently inside to avoid the heat, which is like a sauna bath. Two Montagnard "strikers," or attack troops, wearing camouflage fatigues are walking toward us, and one wearing black pajamas is standing in the middle of the road tying a knot in a rope. How many Vietcong throats has he silently slit as he stepped from behind a tree dressed like the night? Or is he a Vietcong agent himself? The two strikers salute rigidly as they pass, kicking up the fine red dust with each step.

A Pervasive Preoccupation

A screen door at the end of the barracks lets us into a hall that extends the length of the building. Bedrooms are on either side. In one room two Americans are sitting in front of a short-wave radio that crackles static and Morse code. They don't look up or move as we pass; it is like a place where the inhabitants have been frozen by some freak cosmic disaster.

At the far end of the barracks there is a square dining room with several wooden tables and chairs, an old electric refrigerator, and a bulletin board. At one of the tables three Americans are sitting. One is drinking iced tea. They are wearing camouflage pants and shower shoes but no shirts.

Crocker breaks the silence. "Are we too late for chow?"

"We can get you some," the oldest of the three men says. He is forty, with a heavy white stomach. I wonder how a Green Beret in the heat of South Vietnam manages to stay so heavy. The kitchen is in the open air with only a roof. The cook, I am surprised to see, is a rather pretty girl—the wife of one of the native strikers, our host explains. There are about thirty wives in the camp. The women are slightly bigger than the men and their features are more western. Lunch, I can see, is a piping hot bowl of beef stew. I will probably be able to get it down if there is cold lemonade to go with it. I have already tried the water; it is the murkiest and bitterest I have had in Vietnam.

Crocker introduces himself and me, and asks if I can look around after we eat, take some pictures, and spend the night. "He can spend the night but he can't see the communications or take pictures unless he's got clearance papers with him," the sergeant replies. My regular press cards that allow me on any base in South Vietnam aren't enough. He

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wants written approval from Special Forces headquarters in Nha Trang. I ask him to radio the colonel in Nha Trang whom I had met a few days before and who had suggested I go to Duc Co. The sergeant says he will, but he will have to go through channels and it will take time.

By three o'clock Crocker is tired and wants to get back to his home base at An Khe. I hate to leave without seeing the communications and taking pictures, but by now I have mixed emotions about a night at Duc Co. I feel uneasy in the camp; the men haven't been very friendly, and the night ahead looks bleak. But I think of the pictures, I am curious, and I decide to stay.

Only then do I meet the camp commander, who, I learn, has been in the next room all the time. Polite but preoccupied, he is a quiet, calm captain about twenty-six years old. At home he might have been an interne or an employee in a bank. He is fair with a tendency to be heavy, but unlike the sergeant, he has kept his weight down. He says I may have the extra bed in his room.

A tall, blond sergeant wearing camouflage fatigues comes in and introduces himself—the only one who initiates this formality during my twenty-four-hour visit. With a strong Southern accent he tells me he is Sergeant Howard Stevens, the detachment's intelligence man. He offers me a beer and as we drink tells me that he and ten Montagnard strikers are going out that night to lie along a trail and wait for the Vietcong. He invites me to go. But the captain says "No!"

"Well," Sergeant Stevens says, "come on and ride into the village with us in the truck. The driver can bring you back." This sounds good and I agree.

The dining room is beginning to fill up. The twelve men in the Special Forces detachment are all nineteen or twenty years old, except for the sergeant, the captain, and a wiry little Australian who wears a handlebar mustache and an Australian Ranger's hat; he could be thirty or fifty. The one unmistakable thing about him is that he is a soldier. Every utterance ends with "Sir!" and he almost sits at attention.

After dinner I go to my room to get my camera—there is a good half hour before sunset. But Sergeant Stevens comes in and tells me that the captain has vetoed my going. I ask if it's because I'm not cleared. "No," he says, "the road isn't too secure at night." There might be Vietcong waiting to ambush American or Vietnamese government troops or vehicles. The captain comes in and says he will drive me to an artillery company's camp that moved in this afternoon just across the punji-stake moat. Sergeant Stevens says I may come down in the morning to the village with the driver to pick them up.

At the artillery camp, low platforms called mechanical mules are rolling in, bearing 106-millimeter recoilless rifles. Most of the sleeping tents are already up. They are half-

tents, new and expensive-looking. If it weren't for the guns and antennas, the Abercrombie & Fitch look of the tents would make the camp seem like an overnight outing for wealthy boys. The officers and enlisted men have something of the boys' camp about them, too. They are all young, and somehow they have managed to look scrubbed and clean; they are amazingly energetic and enthusiastic after such a long, hard day. I ask a major if they have brought along the radar that locates the source of enemy mortars. "No," he says, "and it's just as well. It only works for five minutes at a time and then breaks down. And when it works, it only scans a small sector, 22½ degrees. We need a radar here that can look for the enemy in a complete 360-degree circle."

"What will you fire at tonight?"

"Grid co-ordinates radioed in to us by aircraft out searching the countryside. Or we might fire at known Vietcong trails just to keep them from moving around too much."

Motivations and Morale

Back in the dining room, which is also the recreation and general gathering room, the radio operator, Sergeant Harold Palmer, tells me that Nha Trang has said I am O.K.

The camp is black as Palmer and I walk to the communications bunker, although the western horizon toward Cambodia is still dark red. Montagnard strikers stand around chatting in the darkness, which is ten to twenty degrees cooler than the day. The bunker smells pleasantly of earth and is cool and roomy. A professional-looking console built from ammunition crates contains a high-frequency radio for communicating with Saigon, Pleiku, and Nha Trang.

The only antenna used for any of the radios is a hundred-foot wire outside and another hundred-foot wire that a few days before they put inside a one-inch plastic tube and buried twelve inches deep in the ground. The results so far with the underground antenna are almost as good as the one tied to a tree. What if both antennas are knocked out by a mortar shell? "We have another hundred-foot wire rolled up that we could simply throw out on the ground," Palmer says.

Their radios for communication look good. What they really need is a radio homing beacon in the center of the camp that can lead a pilot to the camp in total darkness and indicate to him when he is over the camp's outside approaches; he could then bomb and strafe without fear of attacking the camp itself. With such an instrument, the Special Forces men could call for help and get it on a dark, rainy night. But no such beacon exists.

Sergeant Palmer is about twenty-five years old and, like most of the men, comes from the South. Why so many in the group are Southerners, no one can say.

"How much longer will you be here at Duc Co?" I ask him.

"I don't know," he says.

"Will you get reinforcements before the rains begin?"

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"I doubt it. And we'll sure catch it then. If they come over in any strength they'll clean out the whole camp."

"What can you do about it?"

"Just fight back."

"Don't you ever want to get out of here, be stationed somewhere else?"

Palmer thinks a moment. "Well, nobody bothers you here. I like that. You're on your own. And I don't spend any money." He lights another cigarette. "I've got a wife and three kids at home and as long as I stay here I can send them just about everything I make."

INDEPENDENCE and the chance to save money. These motivations help him stay there and fight. A few days ago I heard another one. I was on a small 1,700-foot mountaintop near An Khe where thirty-seven boys live and operate a communications relay station. One boy mentioned that he had been away the terrible night the Vietcong had overrun the mountaintop. They had killed and wounded with hand grenades a number of men who were asleep in their sandbag huts. "I was down at An Khe in the hospital getting a rabies shot," he said. "A rat had crawled up in my bed the night before and bitten my nose."

"In a way you were lucky," I said.

"No, Sir!" a friend protested. "He wished he was with us, and in a way he was. He was talking with us on the radio all the time from the hospital."

"That's right," the boy said.

Someone broke the silence that followed the boy's declaration of loyalty to the group. "One funny thing happened. Do you remember how shook up Dugan got when the helicopters from An Khe finally got here and started strafing the V.C.? Dugan started yelling, 'Do the V.C. have choppers? Do we shoot them?' "

Another boy told of someone's jumping out of bed and putting his left shoe on his right foot and his right shoe on his left and thinking his feet were paralyzed. Everyone laughed at recalling these moments of confusion.

"Thank God they don't have choppers," someone said. Everyone agreed.

"How's the war going to end?"

"We're going to win," they all said. Their morale seems unbreakable. They are all immersed in the moment. And the moment is intense. This intensity is another of war's attractions. No one is bored when death is a few feet away.

But this excitement is for the young. And it has often been consciously revered. The Greeks had many myths about the gods making those they loved die young.

In two cases in Vietnam, sudden but strong impulses motivated young men to action—even to heroism. In one case revenge made a hero; another time it was impatience.

"What made you do it?" a newsman asked a young soldier who without ammunition had suddenly crawled out of his hole, run to a mortar pit, jumped in and killed three well-armed Vietcong with his bayonet. "Well, Sir," the boy said, "they'd killed so many of my buddies that afternoon that I just got aggravated and decided I'd go over there and get even with them."

The other boy and his group were also surrounded and outnumbered. He suddenly jumped up and ran to the enemy's dugout, surprising them so that he took the whole group. Why? "Well, it was getting close to supper time and they was in our way. I figured the only way in the world we was going to get back in time for chow was to go over and kill those V.C."

A Distorted World Outside

In the dining room an almost festive air has replaced the tense quiet of the afternoon. A helicopter has brought a film, the first movie they've seen in six weeks. Everyone has brought chairs and arranged them to face a wrinkled sheet tacked on the wall. Cold beer and soft drinks are available for fifteen cents.

No Montagnards are here for the movie, I notice, but I can hear them outside. They are standing in the dark looking through the screened top half of the wall. They aren't invited, Palmer tells me, because it is dangerous to have so many men concentrated in one place. A Vietcong agent—and they know there are several inside the camp—might decide to sacrifice his own life to blow up all the Americans and fifty or more Vietnamese. "Actually," Palmer says, "all of us Americans shouldn't be sitting here like this."

Someone finally gets the projector started and after several attempts the first frames of the film flash on the sheet. *The Ipcress File.* The machine breaks down. A deafening artillery blast shakes the building, or seems to. Is it ours or theirs? Everyone is silent a moment to find out. The shell hits far away. "The artillery company's finally got set up," Palmer says. Another blast, and another. They seem to go through the room.

The projector starts up again and the sound comes on. It is too loud and the picture is distorted by the wrinkles and folds in the sheet. A row of houses on a London street ripple and move, a man's head is elongated and bent, and when the actors walk away their hips move absurdly from side to side; when they walk toward the camera they do bumps and grinds. Outside in the dark there is silence. What can the Montagnards be thinking? Can they understand this is an optical illusion, that we don't behave like this in our world? Everything they see on the screen is unknown to them—brick houses, five-story buildings, paved streets, elevators, streetcars, tall, glamorous women, and men in dapper London clothes. Everyone is caught up by the film—the Americans by the plot, the tribesmen by the strange sights.

After the film, the dining room empties. Everyone except the captain goes to his room. He is on duty tonight. He will sit in the dining room and monitor a loudspeaker con-

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nected to a radio in the bunker. If a voice comes on, it will be to warn the camp of an imminent attack.

The captain sits in a chair with his feet on the table, reading an old copy of *Field and Stream*. The Australian is scheduled for guard duty and is getting ready to go out. The captain doesn't look as though he wants conversation, so I go to bed. The artillery starts up again, and this time doesn't let up. Outside in the dining room, the radio squeaks and pops, fades and comes back. I am wide awake and want to talk with someone. I get up and go out to the dining room.

"When will you be leaving?" I ask the captain.

"Another few months," he says, but he doesn't look up from *Field and Stream*. Isn't he interested in news? I have just come from Saigon and very recently from New York.

There are a number of paperback books lying around and a copy of *Confidential*. I read an article, to the tune of the artillery outside, that asks whether a popular movie star is an alcoholic or not; the article concludes that in all likelihood she is not. I try again to talk to the captain but I can't win out over *Field and Stream*. He doesn't want to talk. I read several more illuminating pieces in *Confidential* until the Australian comes back. He reports seeing a flare a mile or two to the west, toward Cambodia. "They don't look like ours, Sir!" he says. "What do you think we ought to do, Sir?"

"Nothing," the captain replies, and the Australian goes to bed.

In the Village

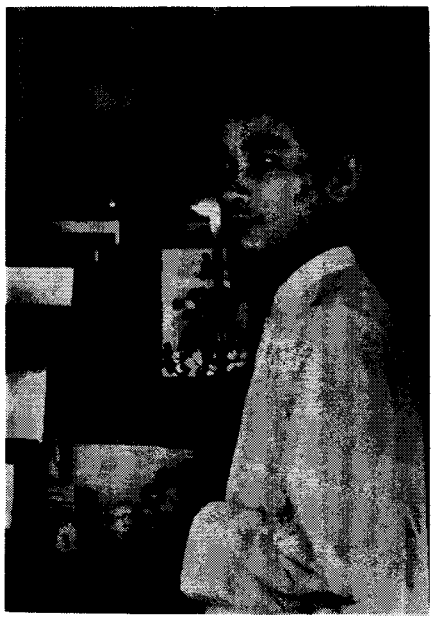
By morning the artillery has stopped and I have a good breakfast. I am glad it is daylight again. The captain tells me he is sending an American sergeant with me in the truck that will pick up Stevens and his ten strikers. Two Montagnards with rifles also come along.

The day is overcast with dark, low clouds. We drive through the artillery camp and turn on to a narrow dirt road. Almost at once there are bushes on either side—a perfect setup for ambush.

"This road is secure in the daytime, isn't it?" I ask the sergeant.

"No, Sir!" He doesn't have a gun, I notice, but he doesn't seem concerned. The ride takes a long twenty-five minutes.

Except for the standard attractive Vietnamese village gate—two posts topped by a yellow board bearing the village name—there is no attempt to make the collection of thatch-roofed huts more than a refugee compound. The ground is bare and dirty. Nothing is growing, no grass or even weeds. A few men and several times as many women stand watching us, without much interest. From behind them, naked children with distended bellies stare. A woman points to a hut and a moment later Sergeant Stevens appears in the doorway. "We're having breakfast," he says. I look into the dark room. The men are sitting around a wooden table eating boiled rice. Stevens appears to be enjoying it.



A man carrying a child moves toward me to look at the two cameras hanging around my neck and the big camera case hanging from my shoulder. "These people have had a very hard time," Sergeant Stevens tells me. "They are refugees from North Vietnam who have escaped, leaving part or all of their families behind." There is no life in their faces, no future. They are tired and diseased. And they are contantly, relentlessly aware, as if they were without eyelids and could never stop seeing, that they can be dead a minute from now.

A woman wants me to photograph her baby. It is almost dead. The child is depressing and I don't want its picture. I pretend to click the shutter. She leaves, satisfied. An image of herself and the child—although she knows I will take it away and she will not see it—has made them immortal. I feel guilty for tricking her. Perhaps I should have taken the picture.

Across the street the village chief, who is also the priest, comes to speak to me. I think at first he is a woman. He asks me to photograph his temple. He is a Cao Dai—a cult that sprang up in Vietnam in 1919, a mixture of Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism, Christianity, and spiritualism. The priests possess both temporal and spiritual powers. They are in contact with the supreme deity, the all-seeing eye.

The light is poor because of the overcast, and inside the thatched one-room temple it is dark. I tell the priest that I can't take photographs in that light. But several boys, obeying his quiet commands, are already removing the temple walls. They are built to be taken down so that a large group can sit outside and watch the ceremony inside. The altar is covered with framed pictures of Buddha, Christ, Confucius, and others I don't recognize. There may be one of Victor Hugo, but I don't have time to look for it. Victor Hugo is a saint because his spirit once spoke during a Cao Dai séance in Saigon. Above the altar there is a drawing of a large eye.

I hadn't noticed the priest leave, so his sudden appearance under the eye wearing a sky-blue robe and something similar to a fez comes as a dramatic surprise. Not only is his dress striking, but he himself has undergone a powerful change. He is no longer the creature I had taken for a woman. There is far more than mere existence in his eyes. There is an intense serenity that could be madness. He is identified with the godhead. A young assistant wearing a white robe and black hat joins him. I photograph them inside, then out in front of the temple.

Back at camp later that morning, the captain asks if I want to visit a Montagnard village. This one is se-

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cure, he says, and is less than a mile away.

The mood of the Montagnard village is totally different from that of the North Vietnamese refugee camp. There is a strong sense of endurance in the tribesmen. Proud and handsome, they know who they are and they know how to fight, and they have no doubts about their future. I feel comfortable with them as I had felt despair with the Vietnamese.

Doing Good

At lunch in the dining room at Duc Co, the men, as usual, are quiet. Their jokes are mild allusions to some private situation or event. What affinity do they have with this frail fortress on the dry, red plains of South Vietnam? These men are not resigned to a futureless existence as the refugees from North Vietnam are; they are not conditioned to the idea that death might be sixty seconds away—although they expect to be overrun soon. Nor are they identified with the godhead—some of them may not even believe in it. They fight, as the Montagnards do, but fighting was not infused into their blood before birth as it was in the tribesmen.

Are they here "to stop the spread of Communism"? Is this why they stand in the hundred-degree heat, being bitten by mosquitoes and shot at by the Vietcong? Many men in Vietnam, when asked, say this is why they keep fighting. Perhaps it is, in part, but the dedication I have seen all over Vietnam undoubtedly comes from something more immediate and personal.

"How long is it going to take to clean the Vietcong out of here?"

"That's hard to say," someone answers. There is a long silence.

"Until they can get a government that won't rob them and until you can teach them how to take care of themselves."

One of the men changes the subject as if to something more important. "I've got to go into the village tonight and help the chief out. I'm going to show him how to make the ceremonial tree for the tribal feast next week." Everyone laughs. "I don't mean that. I'm going to help him make it faster with a saw I've got."

"I'll go in with you," another man

says, "I'll be going in again early in the morning to show the chief's son-in-law, and anyone else who wants to watch, how to tie up tomato plants."

"They have some fine ceremonies," someone says. "They make real good rice wine."

Suddenly it's easy to picture these Americans squatting around a bowl of raw rice wine, passing the straw from man to man. This is a reason I hadn't thought of—maybe a sense of social responsibility is a part of the American psyche by now; they like to help other people.

The captain and Sergeant Stevens drive me down to the airstrip where I have a ride in a Huey back to brigade headquarters. Sergeant Stevens shakes hands and says, "Would you do us a favor? Would you send some of the pictures to us? Not for us, but for the natives. They get promised pictures but no one ever sends them."

THE PICTURES of the natives in both villages turned out well in spite of the poor light and the fact that they were all standing around staring at me. I had two sets of enlargements mounted on matte boards. They were big and impressive. I sent both sets by air freight to the camp. A couple of weeks later I received a letter from Sergeant Stevens:

"We received the pictures and they were all in good shape and came out real well. Thanks a million.

"To tell the truth it was a real shock to receive them as so many people promised this. Particularly to the old Cao Dai preacher. I gave him the pictures personally and he really enjoyed them. There is no need for the plastic you offered to send as the houses they live in do not leak.

"Our team leader, the captain, got killed a couple of weeks after you left. The V.C. carried his body away so we couldn't find it when we went back. All we saw was his blood.

"I finally hit it lucky and my ambush patrol killed ten one morning and we captured one, so it finally paid off.

"The weather is real bad now. Rains all the time. Also a lot of V.C. action around and on our piece of real estate. The V.C. took our Montagnard village (the one you took the pictures in) a couple of weeks ago. They took it at midnight and held it until 0300; they had an ambush waiting for us on our runway but we didn't leave till morning to assess the damage. They killed six of our soldiers and wounded four, and hit a couple of civilians.

"Well thanks again for the pictures and letter. It means more to us than I can put in this letter. Also enjoyed having you with us. Come back and see us if you are around this part of the country again."

I wrote back and told Sergeant Stevens how sorry I was about the captain and the strikers, and I asked if any of the Montagnards I'd come to know so well from the pictures had been hurt. I also asked if he could possibly give me more of the natives' reaction to seeing themselves. A few weeks later he wrote again.

"Sorry to take so long in answering your letter, but we have had our hands full around here the last couple of weeks. We lost two more men on the team. We ran into a large V.C. force about fifteen miles north of camp. The 25th Division in Pleiku came out and have been fighting for the last ten days. Guess they chased them back into Cambodia.

"I can't explain how the people enjoyed the pictures, but I think you can understand as you saw how they live and what little they have. The Cao Dai priest really couldn't get over it.

"I extended for another year. What the heck! I'm single and like excitement."

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Some Lessons Of Reapportionment

BILL KOVACH

NASHVILLE

WHEN the Supreme Court in 1962 handed down the landmark decision in *Baker* v. *Carr* that set reapportionment of state legislatures in motion across the nation, the Chattanooga *Times* proclaimed: "Urban America had its day yesterday. The fact that we are now a predominantly urban society has received inevitably, fundamentally, significant recognition. . . ." Charles S. Rhyne, an American Municipal Association attorney who participated in the Tennessee lawsuit that led to the court's decision, said simply that it could "pretty well shift control of the state legislatures to the cities." Conservative rural interests gloomily predicted a flood of civil-rights, housing, welfare, and labor laws, and new taxes to support them. The Tennessee legislature was called into special session after the ruling and, while a national television audience looked on, a veteran of thirty-five years in office expressed the rural despair. With tears welling in his eyes, Representative James Cummings announced: "This is the end of good, clean rural government in Tennessee."

That was five years ago. It has taken most of the interim for the Tennessee legislators to come up with an apportionment plan that the Federal courts would accept. This year the first reapportioned legislature since 1901 was seated, and at the end of a seventy-five day session, Cummings was on hand again to announce: "This has been my finest hour. It may have been Tennessee's finest legislature." Not only had Cummings survived reapportionment at the polls but he had even been elected speaker of the new House. Reapportionment, it seems, was not the death knell for rural interests in Tennessee after all.

TO BE SURE, the new legislature more nearly reflected the fact that a majority of the state's population is jammed into four urban centers—Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga, and Knoxville—and a rapidly urbanizing region in the northeast called the Tri-Cities. Before *Baker* v. *Carr*, these areas claimed only twenty-four of ninety-nine House seats; today they hold forty-seven. In the state Senate, their strength has risen from eight to sixteen of the thirty-three seats.

Before reapportionment, rural domination of the legislature had maintained laws out of step with a changing world. For example, although Tennessee is a major producer of whiskey, the state was a bastion of prohibition—and moonshiners. Though the Oak Ridge National Laboratories are here, it was illegal to teach Darwin's theory of evolution in public schools. Though the home of the Tennessee Valley Authority (one of the nation's most effective experiments in conservation), the state offered no control of the blight of strip mining or of air pollution. Overrepresented rural counties collected 17.21 per cent more education money from tax revenues than the state average, and had devised equally discriminatory formulas for other state-distributed funds. More than any other factor it was this economic squeeze that forced urban citizens into court for relief.

In the new legislature urban representatives sponsored and passed a number of progressive measures, including a somewhat liberalized liquor law, repeal of the forty-two-year-old "monkey law," and the first rudimentary controls of strip mining and air pollution. Acceptance of Daylight Saving Time was recorded as another "liberal" innovation in a state which once considered Standard Time "God's Time" and provided a $500 fine and ten days in jail for each day anyone chose to display a clock set on "fast time." More important, the legislature approved a system of annual rather than biennial sessions and provided for committees to meet between times.

Despite these advances, little was done to relieve the problems of the central city. Through the Tennessee Municipal League (TML), urban mayors had designed a legislative program that would provide more state aid for the cities. But it soon became obvious that there were forces still able to block any major change in tax distribution.

For one thing, seniority gave veteran rural members control of all important committees. Reading the committee assignment list before the session began, a lobbyist for the cities shook his head and told me,

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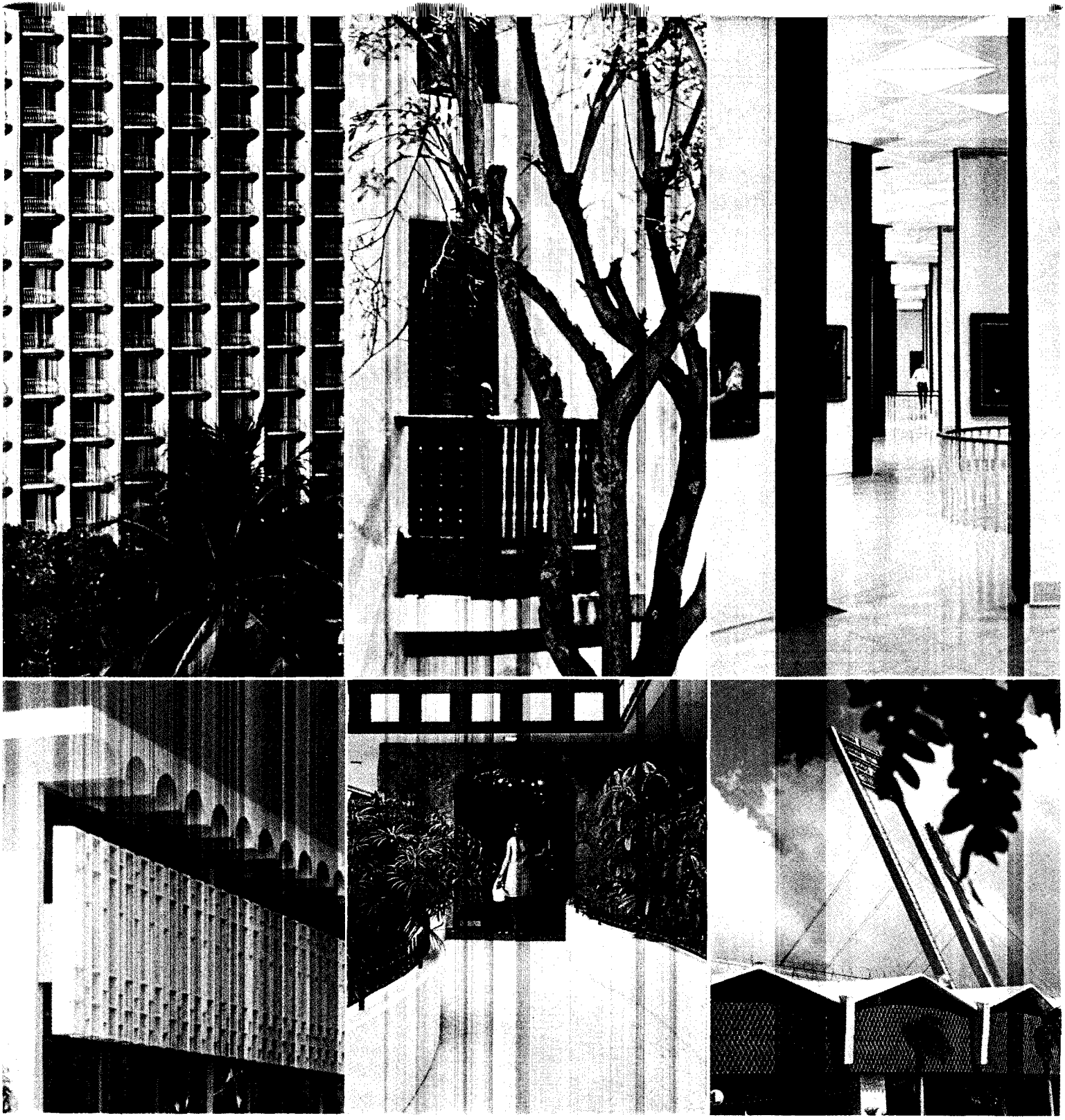

Top *(l to r): Hotel Americana, restored town house, San Juan; Museum of Art, Ponce.* Bottom *(l to r): Kodak offices, Howard Johnson Hotel and Hiram Bithorn Stadium, San Juan.*

How today's Puerto Rico is changing the face of the Caribbean

IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN to San Juan in a few years, today's skyline may surprise you.

Skyscrapers leap up from sun-spangled surf. Expressways head out to the beaches and the mountains. Instead of a somnolent tropical town, you see a wide-awake, 20th-century city.

Puerto Rico is now spending at the rate of one million dollars *every day* on new schools, new homes, new hospitals, new hotels.

But the end result goes much deeper than the architectural niceties above. These buildings are proof of the progress that can come when people set out to hoist themselves up by their own bootstraps. While Puerto Rico is changing the face of the Caribbean, it is also changing the *spirit* of the Caribbean.

This sunny Commonwealth has been called a "showcase to the new nations."

A showcase of hope.

This is the real promise of today's Puerto Rico.

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Commonwealth of Puerto Rico • Economic Development Administration • 666 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

Negative feedback: a machine examines its own performance, compares it with a standard, and corrects itself accordingly.

Without electronic amplifiers we'd have no long distance telephones, television, sound movies, or hearing aids. Without mechanical amplifiers we'd have no power steering. Behind both of these lies negative feedback, which gives machines a kind of insight, lets them do certain things that once could only be done by humans. It has led to the "second industrial revolution"—in which complex chemical processes, product inspection, and aircraft navigation are carried out without human attention.

Used Centuries Ago. To some extent, the idea is old. Ancient windmills had automatic grain feeds to make them turn at a steady speed. In strong winds, a mill tried to go faster; the device fed more grain, held the mill back. With less wind, the opposite took place.

In the eighteenth century, James Watt contrived something of the sort for his steam engine. He called it a governor. Whenever engine speed varied from that set by the operator, the governor changed the steam supply in the opposite direction. This device —virtually unchanged—remains in wide use.

These employed negative feedback: any tendency of a machine to deviate from a set goal resulted in an opposite controlling action. Result: conformance to man's direction without man's attention.

Yet no one grasped the overall principle until 1927, when it was applied to electronics by Harold S. Black of Bell Telephone Laboratories. It is said he got the idea in a flash while riding to work on a Hudson River ferryboat. This sounds apocryphal though, as far as it goes, it is true. But like most "flashes," it followed years of hard work and thought.

The "Big Picture" Approach. When Black came to Bell Laboratories in 1921, he went to work designing multichannel amplifiers ("repeaters" in telephone jargon) to carry several simultaneous conversations beyond the limited distances then possible.

Early amplifiers had not been successful. They produced the necessary power but, in the process, distorted voices badly. Especially when, as now, a large number of these repeaters—each carrying many messages—were used over a long distance.

Like others before him, Black knew that the distortion came from the vacuum tube. So he tried, unsuccessfully, to improve vacuum tubes.

Then he attended a lecture by Charles P. Steinmetz, whose achievements in science had made him the idol of every young

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engineer. Steinmetz advocated a "big picture" approach to problems . . . clarify your objectives! Black was impressed and re-examined his own assignment. He saw that his true objective was distortion-free sound. If he couldn't make a perfect amplifier, maybe he could remove the distortion after amplification.

That is, he might compare an amplifier's input with its output. Although the output would be stronger—amplified—it should be the same otherwise. Any difference would be the unwanted distortion.

Black felt that he could combine this distortion with the amplifier's output so as to actually cancel itself. He was right. But that scheme was too complicated to be practical. Black spent three years designing one circuit after another, seeking simplicity. Then came the morning on the ferryboat, in the year 1927.

A mathematical analysis occurred to him, indicating that a simple arrangement would work. Black saw that he should take a portion of the amplifier's output and add it—as nearly "upside down" as possible—to the input. He saw how the difference between the two could then be used to counteract any tendency of the amplifier to distort. Thus, negative feedback. As added benefits, it was found that the more negative feedback used, the more the distortion was eliminated . . . and that negative feedback amplifiers stayed relatively stable as their components aged.

A Too-astounding Idea. A model was working in a few weeks. But the concept was contrary to established belief and experts the world over "proved" that the working model wouldn't work. However, after years of demonstration, the idea was accepted.

And ultimately, not only accepted, but enthusiastically adopted. Today, there is scarcely an electronic amplifier without it . . . from those in pocket transistor radios to those in ocean cables . . . from those in a home hi-fi set to those in military radar.

Many other things flowed from this answer to a telephone problem. In every field of amplification and control this principle gives machines a new ability: to examine what they do and correct themselves. The uncanny servomechanism that drives immense antennas for radio astronomy, swings gun turrets, directs missile guidance systems, and positions delicate computer parts is based on Black's invention. Recognition of negative feedback has also helped us to understand how living creatures function. For instance, it is now accepted that many disorders affecting the brain are due to failures in the feedback mechanism of the human nervous system.

Far-reaching results from what started out as one man's answer to a telephone problem!

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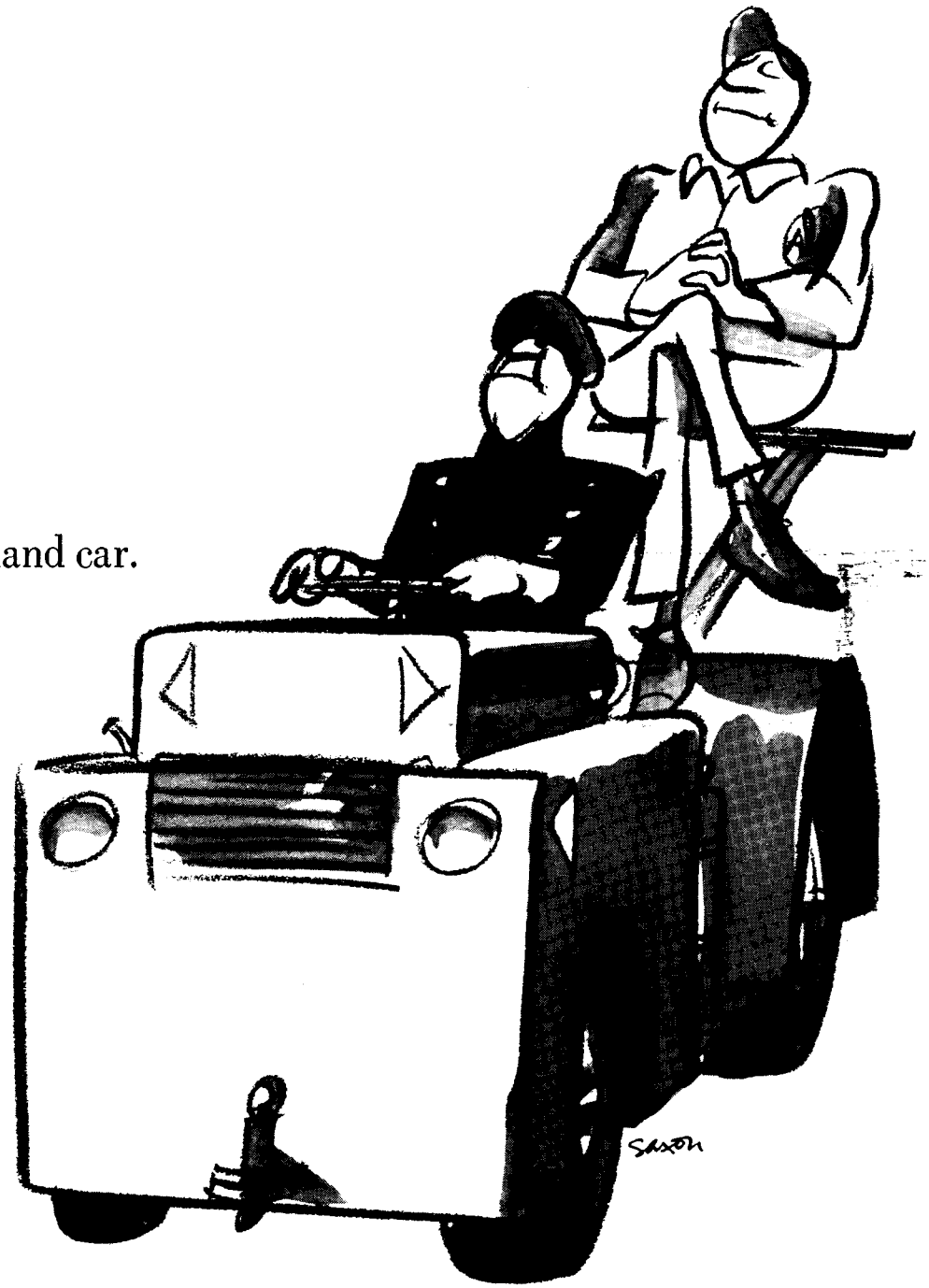
Our command car.



This is our man in charge of saying "No."

No to Captains. No to Vice-Presidents. And even no to The Chairman of the Board.

Which is just what a good mechanic ought to say.

He thinks nothing of keeping a 7 million-dollar airplane in the hangar because a 10¢ part needs replacing.

Or checking the burbling air in a fan-jet 20 times—until he's satisfied it's burbling just right.

All of which, we're proud to say, has made American one of the most dependable airlines in the business.

We wouldn't dare be otherwise.

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And if his plane is late on Sunday, we know his Travel Agent won't be calling us for tickets on Monday.

Or yours, either.

American Airlines

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"There's no need even trying to take on the big tax question. We'll be lucky to get even the minor bills out of those committees. They may be ready to concede some social reform but they won't let go of the purse strings."

The New Naysayers

Paradoxically, the biggest obstacle to urban programs turned out to be a by-product of reapportionment. Before *Baker* v. *Carr* Tennessee legislative districts were identical to the counties, and candidates ran county-wide. This meant, for example, that all the men running in Shelby County, which includes Memphis, would have to have the backing of the city political machine. All the Shelby representatives were thus city men and tended to support programs sponsored by the Tennessee Municipal League in the legislature. But since rural counties with only a small fraction of Shelby's population had, taken together, more representatives than urban counties, the TML proposals were usually voted down. Today, a populous county like Shelby has more representatives, but these are divided among a number of homogeneous voting units, such as the wards of downtown Memphis and suburbs like Millington and the aptly named Whitehaven. The candidates run only in their districts. This system has produced the state's first post-Reconstruction Negro delegation—six from Memphis, Nashville, and Knoxville; the first group of representatives with strictly suburban constituencies; and a whole new set of white-Negro, Democratic-Republican, city-suburban divisions within the once solid "urban" county delegations in the legislature. The result is that the inner-city forces are concentrated and isolated—and many TML proposals still get voted down.

The difference, of course, lies in who are now casting the negative votes. Where TML lobbyists before reapportionment thought only in terms of rural and urban delegations, they now must take into account a suburban classification. The breakdown in the House this year was as follows: fifty-two rural, twenty-six urban, and twenty-one suburban. Many of the suburban representatives were Republicans in seats that under the countywide voting system traditionally went to Democrats. The GOP almost doubled its strength in the House, from twenty-one to forty-one seats.

While the suburban legislators helped the urban delegations to put across the progressive legislation noted above, they more often teamed with rural conservatives. This coalition rolled up a record that appalled city politicians. It refused even to

consider more equitable tax-revenue distribution formulas; failed to match Federal sewer-construction funds, leaving the cities to go it alone; killed a budget provision for free bus service for urban schoolchildren comparable to the existing free rural school busses; rejected attempts to control private and semi-public-utility districts that encourage suburban sprawl and deprive cities of potential income; rejected a request from mayors for authority to increase local sales taxes where approved by a referendum; defeated a program for state-aided purchase of waterfront industrial sites for orderly growth around cities.

Most of these measures had the endorsement of the TML and the mayors of the biggest cities. But suburbanites are acutely sensitive to anything that smacks of annexation or taxation by the cities they abandoned, along with urban problems, when they moved out. Lobbyists for organized labor, who expected better things of increased urban representation, met the same rebuffs. Harry Morgan, a director of the state AFL-CIO, described labor's gains as "little more than the table scraps, as usual." The state's open-shop law remains intact. Only an extended fight succeeded in winning minor adjustments to the garnishment laws described by labor leaders as "one step away from the old debtors' prisons." A state minimum-wage law proposal died in committee without a hearing.

THE EXPANSION of the "urban" delegations has also made for parliamentary dissension. Under long-standing practice in the legislature, a bill that affects only one city or county is passed without opposition or questions if the local delegation approves of it. But with larger delegations now representing the divergent views of individual districts, agreement on anything remotely controversial is out of the question. The sixteen-member Shelby County delegation, for example, never agreed unanimously on a major piece of local legislation in the last session. The solidarity of pre-reapportionment broke down simply because of men like Leonard Dunavant and W. K. Weldon.

Dunavant, a furniture-store operator in his mid-thirties, is a Republican, a new breed in the county long controlled by Memphis Democratic Boss Ed Crump and his heirs. Dunavant is the kind of Republican one sees increasingly in the South since the rise of Barry Goldwater on the national scene. He is an industrious, able representative for Millington, a rambling residential area built around the Memphis Naval Air Station in the northeast corner of Shelby County. Millington has always felt itself at odds with the City of Memphis, has lived under threat of annexation, and sees the city as its enemy. Dunavant voted with rural members to sidetrack for "study" the bill restricting private utility districts ardently backed by the cities. Weldon, another Republican elected in the eastern county suburbs, joined with rural legislators

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to defeat the proposed local-option sales-tax bill. The bill, top priority of the TML, would have allowed raising the levy from one cent per dollar to a cent and a half if approved by a local referendum. With that safeguard the mayors were confident of passage, but the bill went under, 49-31, largely because the TML was unable to hold the "urban" county delegations together. Suburban members simply reflected their constituents' opposition to the idea of taxing those who shop, but do not live, in the city. In like fashion, they showed little understanding or sympathy for the problems now arising in the deteriorating core of the cities.

Baker v. Baker

Under reapportionment, densely populated inner-city districts have been drawn ever smaller geographically, resulting in more compact, more uniform constituencies—and in the election of Negroes to state office. At the same time, this has probably reduced Negro influence on urban legislators at large who, under the old system, had to cater to both Negroes and whites in their districts. Representative A. W. Willis, Jr., a Memphis Negro who in 1964 became the first of his race elected to the Tennessee legislature in almost a century, told me, however, that "Whatever political maneuvering we used to have to do through a white representative at the ward or precinct level we can do now ourselves facing them in the legislative halls." (He has carried this a step further now and on August 7 became the first Negro candidate for mayor in Memphis.) The newly apportioned districts, however, seem to lead toward the very separation of races that both Negroes and whites claim they want to avoid.

Balanced against these new, sharply defined city voting divisions are the changed rural districts, whose lines stretch ever wider in search of people to represent. Where a county with less than four thousand inhabitants used to rate a legislator, today it must share him with as many as three other rural counties. Extending these districts inevitably means encompassing divergent interests, ranging from the cost of fertilizer to distillery regulation to concern over the encroachment of shopping centers on small-town merchants.

Between the two rises the growing power of suburban districts neither sharing nor directly involved with purely urban or rural problems. Sub-

urbanites are a group with little political structure, concerned mainly with an adequate commuting system, good schools, and freedom from both city regulations and rural isolation. Interestingly enough, two of the three areas that received substantial budget increases in the reapportioned legislature were highways and education. (The third was mental health.)

Even more interesting is the way some urban-county lawmakers and rural representatives combined to defeat a bill that would have extended the reapportionment principle to the county legislative bodies, called county courts in Tennessee. Ironically, the chief executive of Shelby County, County Judge Charles W. Baker, whose political strength lies outside the city limits, has helped to block reapportionment of the county court since 1965, apparently on the ground that it would give greater control to downtown Memphis. The judge is the Baker who gave his name to the *Baker* v. *Carr* case. (Carr is Secretary of State Joe C. Carr.)

THE NEW ORDER that came in with reapportionment has seen a collapse of traditional party leadership in Tennessee, both within and without the legislature. Governor Buford Ellington provided little direction or control, amid competition between young ambitious politicians from the suburbs and old hands hoping to maintain patronage and committee control. Ellington (in his second term as governor after a four-year absence during which he served as President Johnson's director of the Office of Emergency Planning) is an old-line rural politician who seemed to overlook the changing legislative patterns. When a representative bucked Ellington's tax proposals, the governor attempted to punish him in the good old Tennessee way: he ordered state funds withdrawn from a bank the man directed. The legislature was outraged and Ellington came within four votes of being the first Tennessee governor to be censured. "He'd better learn," one legislator commented, "that the dark ages are over on Capitol Hill."

That mood prevailed, and for the first time in years the legislature manhandled a governor's budget and tax program. Of $130 million in new taxes asked, the legislature approved $93 million and a third of that was in the form of legislature-drafted alternatives to the governor's taxes—a new wrinkle in legislative government here. The budget was cut to fit the new revenue estimates, and the cuts, as already noted, hit the cities hardest. Chastised and confused, Ellington pulled back and offered little leadership for the remainder of the session.

When the session was over, Herbert J. Bingham, executive secretary of the Tennessee Municipal League and chief architect of the cities' legislative program, reviewed the record in a speech before the Southern Regional Conference on Urbanization: "With reapportionment . . . the new balance of power may rest with the present suburban areas . . . in combination with the emerging urban hinterland and basically rural areas, leaving the core city politically impotent once again." Bingham predicted that "The shift of political power in state legislatures and Congress toward suburbia and newly urbanizing territories will make it almost impossible to curb land speculation and substandard development."

WHETHER the ever-shifting coalitions of legislative minorities that reapportionment seems to have created can deal on the state level with city problems is still in question. Two or three more legislative sessions may be necessary before things settle down in Tennessee and the new order establishes clearly its identity and direction. But if the state fails the cities, the alternative may be to surrender even more responsibility to the Federal government.

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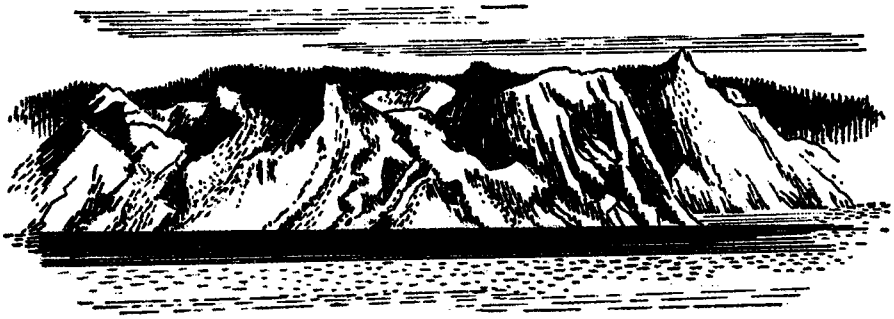

Chile: Open Season On President Frei

PAUL E. SIGMUND

SANTIAGO, CHILE

ON JULY 16, in a noontime ceremony in front of the Presidential Palace here, President Eduardo Frei Montalva signed a sweeping agrarian-reform measure into law as a crowd of thousands of *campesinos* cheered. The adoption of this key point in Frei's reform program gave a dramatic impression that all was well with his Christian Democratic Party's "Revolution in Liberty." Only nine hours earlier, however, the party's five-hundred-man national council had elected a new slate of officers composed entirely of dissenters from the President's policies.

Frei's problems go deeper than splits within his party. When his picture appears on Santiago movie screens, it is greeted with the whistles that are the Latin-American equivalent of a hiss. The inflation rate has already exceeded that of last year, despite the government's promise to reduce it. The economy has been racked by a series of labor disputes and strikes. Most important, there has been a fundamental leftward shift in the Chilean political spectrum which makes it not unlikely that Chile will elect a left-dominated Congress in 1969 and perhaps a left-wing President in 1970.

The most dramatic expression of this shift took place at the biennial convention of the Radical Party held at the end of June. As in France, the Chilean Radicals are a loose grouping of anticlerical moderates and reformists. They have shared the political Center with the Christian Democrats, flanked by the National Party on the Right and the Communists and Socialists on the Left. But under the slogan "Socialism and Democracy," the Radicals at their convention repudiated their conservative leadership and adopted a series of resolutions favoring an extensive program of nationalization of basic industries. They also called for "a decisive effort to achieve the grouping of all popular parties and forces of the Left"—meaning an alignment of the Radicals with the Communist-Socialist Popular Action Front, the FRAP.

This decision marks a sharp change in the policies of the Radical Party, which in the recent past has been allied with the Right against the Christian Democrats. If the proposed grouping is successful and unites behind a single candidate for the presidential elections of 1970, it could outvote the Christian Democrats. Yet only a few months ago political experts in Chile were discussing the prospects for thirty years of Christian Democratic dominance.

WHAT has happened to produce such a sudden shift in the Chilean political picture?

The outlines of a potential revival of the Popular Front in Chile were already evident last year when the Radicals, Socialists, and Communists combined to oust the Christian Democratic president of the Senate, where the Christian Democrats are in a minority, and replace him with Salvador Allende, the Socialist whom Frei defeated for the presidency in 1964. In January the three parties voted together again to veto President Frei's trip to Washington. However, the real stimulus to a leftward shift by the Radicals came as a result of two elections in April and June of this year.

In the municipal elections of April 2, the Christian Democrats suffered a drop of six percentage points in their popular vote, and the Radicals recovered many of the votes they had lost in 1964 and 1965, increasing their share of the vote from thirteen per cent to seventeen per cent. This was still well behind the thirty-six per cent of the Christian Democrats, but when combined with the twenty-nine per cent that the FRAP candidates had received, it suggested that a Radical-FRAP coalition might well be victorious in the 1969 and 1970 congressional and presidential elections. The principal argument against such a combination was that many of the traditionally conservative Radicals might refuse to support it. A test was made in a June by-election. The Radical Party backed the widow of a Socialist Senator running for his seat, and she won by a margin that indicated solid Radical support. This helped to strengthen the groups within the party that had been agitating for a closer relationship with the FRAP, and led to their carrying the party convention resolution favoring alignment with the "popular forces of the Left" later in June.

The proposal appealed both to the ideological preferences of many of the younger members of the party and to the opportunism of the older Radicals who recalled that a similar Popular Front arrangement had first brought their party to power in 1938. The fact that the Socialist Party of today, unlike its more moderate predecessor of the 1930's, is theoretically committed to violent revolution did not deter either Radical group. Both factions are at one in their desire to regain the power and patronage from which

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they were ousted by the Christian Democrats, and both agree that no alliance with Frei's party is possible.

The alignment of the Radicals with the FRAP is far from consummated, however, and the question of who would be the Popular Front presidential candidate is central. The new leaders of the Radical Party, Hugo Miranda and Alberto Baltra, hope that he will be a Radical supported by FRAP. The Communists seem favorable to this arrangement, but the more militant Socialists want the nomination for the perennial FRAP candidate, their leader, Salvador Allende.

The Vague Alternative

In addition to the challenge from the Left, the Christian Democrats are in trouble on their right flank. Their victory in 1964 was assured by the support of the right-wing Liberal and Conservative Parties, now combined in the National Party. Since 1964, however, they have incurred the hatred of the landowning groups by the vigor of their land-reform programs, and they are now running into considerable opposition from middle-class groups whose taxes have skyrocketed, and from representatives of the business community.

The basic problem in the relations between government and business is whether the Christian Democrats can carry out a basic alteration in the social and economic structure without undermining the private sector entirely. Business leaders argue that Frei's program has stressed social reform at the expense of economic development and has awakened desires among the slum dwellers, the workers, and the peasants that cannot be satisfied without greater attention to business incentives. They point to a falling stock market, the sharp decline in the rate of new investment, the stagnation of the construction industry, and the flight of capital abroad. Frei has attempted in his recent speeches to reassure the private sector and to lecture his own party militants on the importance of foreign investment. Yet his efforts have been weakened by the divisions within his party.

Christian Democratic ideology here has always contained an anti-capitalist strain, and the papal social encyclicals that have influenced Christian Democratic thought, from *Rerum Novarum* in 1891 to *Populorum Progressio* in 1967, have been used to condemn the excesses of "liberal capitalism" and unrestrained competition. For the fifty-six-year-old Frei and his generation, "Revolution in Liberty" means social reform and a mixed economy in which the state limits and supplements the activities of the private sector. For the young members of the party and the new leaders who were elected to the top party offices in July, it implies the elimination of capitalism and a fundamental reconstruction of the entire economy on the model of what they call "communitarian socialism."

The older leaders of the party borrowed the term "communitarianism" from the writings of the French Catholic social theorist Emmanuel Mounier, to describe the Christian Democratic "third alternative" to capitalism and Communism. But they left the details of their ideal social order rather vague. Frei himself, in the period before he came to power, once spoke of the need for "a vast process of universal extension of property through the organized acquisition of shares by the worker." However, the newly elected secretary general of the party, Julio Silva Solar, denies that communitarianism occupies an intermediate position between capitalism and socialism. In a book that has influenced young party members in Venezuela and other Latin-American countries as well as in Chile, he describes communitarianism as a form of socialism in which the workers and peasants control the means of production through organized communities rather than by the centralized bureaucratic methods of classical Marxism-Leninism.

The theoretical argument has been translated into policy differences. The left wing of the party objects to Frei's unwillingness to push ahead with the party bill to reform the banking system and limit the powers of private banks to grant and withhold credit. Frei is reluctant to give top priority to this measure because he feels that a lengthy parliamentary fight on the question could have serious effects on an already shaky economy. Frei and the left faction also disagree on the introduction of management by the workers as an experiment in one or more state industries. The workers in ENAP, the state-owned petroleum industry, have been pushing for worker representation on the board of directors and such proposals as a worker-run state-subsidized gas-distribution company. The former proposal received the support of the party but was turned down by Frei on the ground that it would provide a precedent for similar demands elsewhere and would upset the economy.

The left group ran head-on into trouble with Frei and his supporters in the party when they attacked his advocacy of the Latin-American Common Market in their magazine, *Documentación*. The article asserted: "While a civilization is rotting at its center, a new society is being produced at its periphery. . . . Rather than a common market built on the basis of business interests which will only mean better markets for the industrial bourgeoisie and dynamic areas for neo-colonialism, the workers, peasants, and young people of Latin America must mobilize for the immediate and primary task, the unity of the masses of the continent. . . ." This not so thinly veiled attack on Frei's support for economic integration evoked protests from some party leaders, but the rebels were not disciplined.

The triumph of the anti-Frei groups in the elections for party offices in July was already anticipated by the decision of the party council in April to appoint a Political Technical Committee to report on the ways to achieve a "non-capitalist method of development." The report, which was approved at the July national meeting, was largely written by Jacques Chonchol, the head of the agrarian-reform technical-assistance agency and co-author with Silva Solar of two books on communitarianism. It proposes as goals for the last three years of the Frei government the nationalization of the steel, nitrate, coal, petrochemical, and telephone companies, the participation of workers in the management of nationalized industries, and the establishment of a State Commerce Agency to buy, merchandise, and sell essential raw

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materials, food, machinery, and "possibly manufactured goods." While the committee had some of Frei's *"officialista"* group in its membership, the report is largely the product of the thinking of the left faction, and in most aspects its ideological utopianism is completely out of line with the Frei policies on economic development.

Unclear Indications

Given the picture of internal party divisions, opposition on the Right, and growing FRAP-Radical cooperation on the Left, what is likely to happen to the "Revolution in Liberty" that looked so promising three years ago? Much depends on the actions of the probable heir to Frei (the Chilean constitution forbids the President to succeed himself), the present ambassador to Washington, Radomiro Tomic. A brilliant speaker and a close friend of Frei, he was once regarded as the leader of the left wing in the party and as a rival to Frei. He is now regarded as a moderate, particularly in view of his experience in Washington. Tomic is scheduled to return to Santiago in January, and a campaign office has already been opened there for him, three years before the presidential elections.

On the Right there is no outstanding candidate, and the conservative groups continue to discuss the possibilities of a draft of aging Jorge Alessandri, Frei's predecessor, or the nomination of an independent candidate such as Felipe Herrera, whose term as president of the Inter-American Development Bank expires in 1969. Alessandri has repeatedly ruled himself out, and Herrera is unlikely to accept a nomination unless it is clear that the Christian Democrats are certain to be defeated and that he can get support from other sectors besides the conservatives. Yet even without a strong candidate, the Right is unlikely to support the Christian Democrats as it did in 1964, particularly if the communitarian rebels are in control of the party.

Despite the leftward shift of the two centrist parties, the Radicals and the Christian Democrats, it is not at all certain that Chilean public opinion has moved with them. In fact, most observers interpreted the Christian Democratic decline in the April municipal elections as a middle-class protest against high taxes and too rapid reform. Moreover, while the business community does not have the same confidence in the Frei government that it had in that of Alessandri, the economic indicators so far do not support their pessimism. By the figures of the Chilean equivalent of the National Association of Manufacturers, industrial production went up nine per cent last year, and nearly twenty per cent in the last two years. Much of this was due to increased consumption by the lower-income groups as a result of Christian Democratic policies, and it would seem that, as in the case of the New Deal, a government that is regarded as the enemy of business may turn out to be its best friend. The Christian Democrats have also cut down the rate of inflation from forty-seven per cent in the last year of the Alessandri government to twenty-six per cent in 1965 and seventeen per cent in 1966. (Their announced goal of twelve per cent this year seems impossible to attain since prices have already gone up fifteen per cent, and even with the kind of fancy footwork that pushed down the cost of living by several points during the last part of 1966, the government will probably not be able to improve much on last year's record.)

FOR ALL his present difficulties, Frei has reason to be satisfied with the accomplishments of the first half of his six-year term. In spite of a hostile Senate, he has secured the adoption of the agreements with the American companies to "Chileanize" the copper industry by buying 25 to 51 per cent of their stock with the provision that the payments are to be reinvested in a vast program of expansion of Chilean copper production. In addition, he has pushed through the strong agrarian-reform law, considerably expanded educational opportunity, and redistributed income in favor of the lower classes. Nonetheless, the Revolution in Liberty will be in deep trouble from here on in. This is partly due to its own success in persuading the party militants of the need for a radical restructuring of the society combined with a failure to persuade the other parties or the society as a whole of this same necessity. But primarily the problem can be related to the deep divisions in a society that agrees on the maintenance of constitutional democracy but disagrees on just about everything else.

Darkness on the Delta

FOSTER DAVIS

GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI

THE COTTON in Mississippi's Delta has grown well this year. Plants as tall as a man march in rows across vast, flat fields where picking machines lurch along spewing the dirty-looking gray bolls into a hopper.

Picking cotton in the fall and chopping weeds from the plants during the growing season once was work for men and women who knew no other life. Then came the machines, and year by year thousands of Mississippi's Delta Negroes have found their already precarious existence threatened by technology and government regulation to the point of desperation.

Talk of acreage reduction and minimum-wage legislation is nearly meaningless to these workers. An estimated total of fifty-five thousand people are being uprooted from the plantations where they were born and where they expected to work out their lives. Perhaps twelve thousand more who live in towns and once earned a scanty living by day labor on the plantations are also without employment this year. Such local, state, and Federal efforts as there have been to aid these people have not yet reached more than a small fraction of them.

The available statistics tell a portion of the story. In 1953 Mississippi

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planted over 2.5 million acres in cotton. By 1966 that figure, because of steady reductions in the Federal cotton allotments, had dropped to 1.03 million. In 1960, according to the Delta Council, a trade organization devoted to the economic interests of the Delta, over thirty thousand seasonal workers were employed. By last year that figure had dropped to less than seventeen thousand.

Cures That Kill

Mississippi's Delta is an eighteen-county area of smooth, mellow soil formed by what once was the periodic flooding of the land by the river systems that bound it. On the west there is the Mississippi River. On the east there are the lesser systems of the Coldwater, Tallahatchie, and Yazoo Rivers. The Delta measures precisely 196 miles from north to south and approximately fifty miles across at its widest point.

Since the region was settled in the early years of the nineteenth century, the Delta has depended on cotton. Men talk about cotton here the way the weather is discussed in other areas. And until recent years, picking that cotton crop would have been impossible without the ready labor supply provided by the Delta's large Negro population.

The gradual reduction of the amount of cotton a farmer could plant and still participate in the Federal price-support programs has been a continuing concern in the Delta. The Delta Council has lobbied hard to try to keep cotton allotments high, without notable success. Two additional factors, however, have combined to make this an exceptionally difficult year for the Delta.

Those two factors are the 1965 farm bill, which made its presence felt last year, and the agricultural minimum-wage legislation. The former provides for direct cash payments from the Federal government to farmers who agree to reduce their acreage by up to thirty-five per cent. Most have done it, with a corresponding decrease in their needs for labor. The minimum-wage legislation, which became effective last February 1 and provided a $1 per hour minimum for farm laborers, extended to farmers who used more than five hundred man-days of labor in any calendar quarter in 1966. In effect this means any farmer who raises cotton on more than a patch of land. Next February the minimum goes to $1.15. The year after that it goes to $1.30.

For farmers who had been accustomed to paying workers closer to thirty cents an hour, or from $3 to $3.50 a day, the requirement snuffed out the flickering demand for hand labor. Laborers who could drive the expensive machinery used in cotton farming were in demand. (There are perhaps 25,000 such Negroes in the Delta.) But the props were kicked out from under the less fortunate Negroes without such skills. The immediate effect has been that people who had a small but reliable income now have almost nothing or literally nothing. Some of them are going hungry. And things will be worse when the weather turns cold.

HARDSHIP has long been a fact of life for the Negro in the Mississippi Delta. Typical housing is an unpainted shack with one leaky stove and no inside water or other plumbing. The children often have bad teeth and swollen bellies. Such conditions are so commonplace that they tend to go unnoticed even among the Deltans who consider themselves concerned about the plight of the Negro farmhand.

The diet of Delta Negroes has never been good, but this year it is worse. In the past most of them could count on a regular supply of yellow meal and beans provided under the Federal Commodity Program. But now, in more and more counties, the program is being replaced by a food-stamp plan under which a family is given stamps redeemable for food in local markets in exchange for a certain cash contribution. The concept is sound enough: it substitutes self-help for the dole and makes for a more balanced diet. But the difficulty with the food-stamp program is that it requires what is for a poor Mississippi family—black or white—a major cash outlay at one time. Stamps may be purchased once or twice a month. The family's contribution varies with the income and the number of mouths to feed. A typical household of six persons with a monthly income of $50 must plunk down $22 to get stamps good for $74 worth of food. The result is that many families don't participate in the program. Civil-rights groups are hoping to persuade the Department of Agriculture to change the program so that poorer people can get the stamps free. They have had limited success: the department says it is "reviewing" the program and a change has been made affecting those with a monthly income of less than $50. A person with a monthly income of $9.99 or less now can get $12 worth of stamps for fifty cents. Unfortunately, however, many elderly Negroes get exactly $50 per month through the state's aid for the aged program, which prices them out of the reduced-cost phase of the program.

Hunger, Visible and Invisible

The issue of hunger in the Delta began as a skirmish in April when Senators Joseph Clark and Robert F. Kennedy visited Mississippi to gather ammunition for the annual battle over money for the anti-poverty program. Clark is chairman and Kennedy a member of the Senate Subcommittee on Employment, Manpower and Poverty. They returned to Washington with reports of severe malnutrition, prompting a team study by the Department of Agriculture that led to the liberalization in the stamp program.

The issue really flared up, however, after a six-man team of doctors, one of them a Negro from Yazoo City, toured six counties, two of them in the Delta, and then issued a report entitled "Hungry Children" through the Atlanta-based Southern Regional Council. The team's work was done at the request of Friends of the Children of Mississippi, a massive Head Start program trying to get the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity to finance it in the counties the doctors visited. The doctors' twenty-seven-page report was a strong indictment of Mississippi.

What caught the headlines was a personal report added to the team report by Dr. Raymond M. Wheeler of Charlotte, North Carolina. Dr. Wheeler, chairman of the SRC executive committee, wrote that what he had seen led him to place more credence in the charges that there was a tacit policy by "those who control the state to eliminate the Negro

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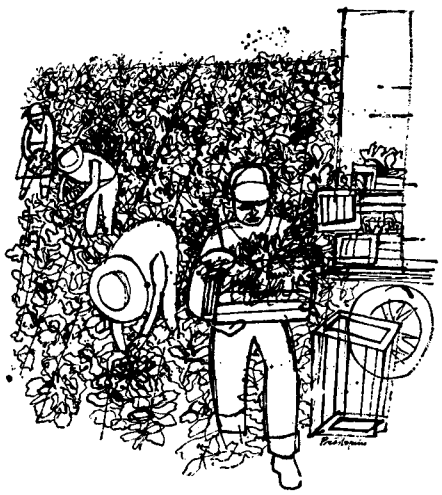
Mississippian either by driving him out of the state or starving him to death." White Mississippi, with its customary genius for saying the wrong thing, made an almost predictable response. Much of the state press declared that Mississippi had been libeled. Governor Paul Johnson said that he, for one, had never seen any hungry Negroes. In fact, he added, the Negroes he saw "are so fat they shine." The state's Congressional delegation responded in like tone, except for Senator John Stennis, who said that he did not believe there were people in Mississippi going without food but if there were they should be fed. In midsummer he introduced and got quick Senate passage of a $75-million emergency food and medical-service bill to alleviate conditions in poverty areas in the nation. That action seemed to offer an effective rebuttal to those who were charging a deliberate policy of starvation, but it is not likely to have any substantial effect upon the condition of Delta Negroes by the time it trickles down through the state welfare department.

THE plantation shacks in which most of these Americans were born and raised still dot the flat, distant fields. Many of them are still inhabited by Negroes who have been told they may remain on the plantations although there is no longer any work for them. Many more of these shacks, timeless billboards of poverty, are empty, their windows gaping vacantly at fields where cotton once grew from the dark earth. The Delta Council has even begun a program to raze the shacks in order to improve the appearance of the landscape. And where the cotton grew there now are soybeans, wheat, or, often, nothing but pastureland. More and more, the men and women who lived crowded into these faded little buildings are fleeing.

They move in impossibly broken-down old cars into the slum sections of Greenville, a way station for the trip to Detroit, Chicago, and the other embattled cities of the North. They are fleeing the collapse of a way of life which, though it had never enabled them to live well and in dignity, did provide them with a roof, food, sporadic medical care, and a sense of community. Now, with the disintegration of a one-crop economy, they are losing these.

The picture is not entirely bleak. Relief efforts are being made in several directions. The Delta Council estimates that there are twenty-one thousand more industrial jobs now than there were ten years ago, a 361 per cent increase. Perhaps twenty-five per cent of these are filled by Negroes, usually in the lower-paying positions.

A number of Federally financed job-training and anti-poverty programs are at work in the Delta. There is a basic education program, several Head Start programs, Manpower Development and Training Act programs, and the Neighborhood Youth Corps. But these reach at best fifteen to twenty per cent of those who need help. Washington County, for example, has an estimated total of five thousand children who could



benefit by Head Start. Perhaps 1,500 are served by it.

The basic education and job-training programs can handle several hundred students at a time, but thousands are in need. A greatly increased program of child-care education is needed. Sixty-two of every thousand Negro babies born in Washington County die in the first year of their lives. They rarely if ever die from malnutrition, but more often from the mother's ignorance or carelessness. A Public Health Service official commented: "Take an example. Here's a mother fifteen years old. She's barely literate, she has no concept of working in a modern environment at all; she has a baby. The first two or three babies are experiments. Those that are better educated and can learn, do learn; those that can't, don't."

On malnutrition, this same doctor said: "There is some malnutrition. There are some homes in which there is not enough food for the family to get adequate nutrition. But these homes are also the homes in which the most ignorant and the most unable to help themselves live. Short of just going down and raising them as children and not giving them food stamps but actually telling them what to buy and what to eat and setting up their menu for them, I don't know what you can do."

MUCH HELP is needed for these Negro Mississippians. The technique is not simply one of providing a trade and sending the former hoe hand into the job market. The experience of job-training programs has been that the cotton chopper cannot be sent routinely through a program and then routed to an employer. It is too much of a change. A job-training and basic education program run by the Catholic Church in Mississippi, for example, took Negroes from the plantations and taught them to read, write, and do simple arithmetic. They were then hired by a local chicken-freezing plant with rather simple jobs. They did not do well; production-line pressure upset them.

Experiences of this sort are producing some changes in the approach of state and Federal officials. The newest concept is "outreach." This is governmentese for going out and finding those who need help, trying to give them that help, including whatever medical care they may need to give them health and vigor, placing them in a job, and then keeping track of them to see how they fare.

Black leadership in the Delta, unlike that of the Black Power advocates in the Northern cities, now has as its goals the almost quaint-sounding ones of employment, a decent place to live, the respect of other human beings, and perhaps some special help for the very old and the very young. The white community can ill afford to miss this opportunity for co-operation. It may not last for long.

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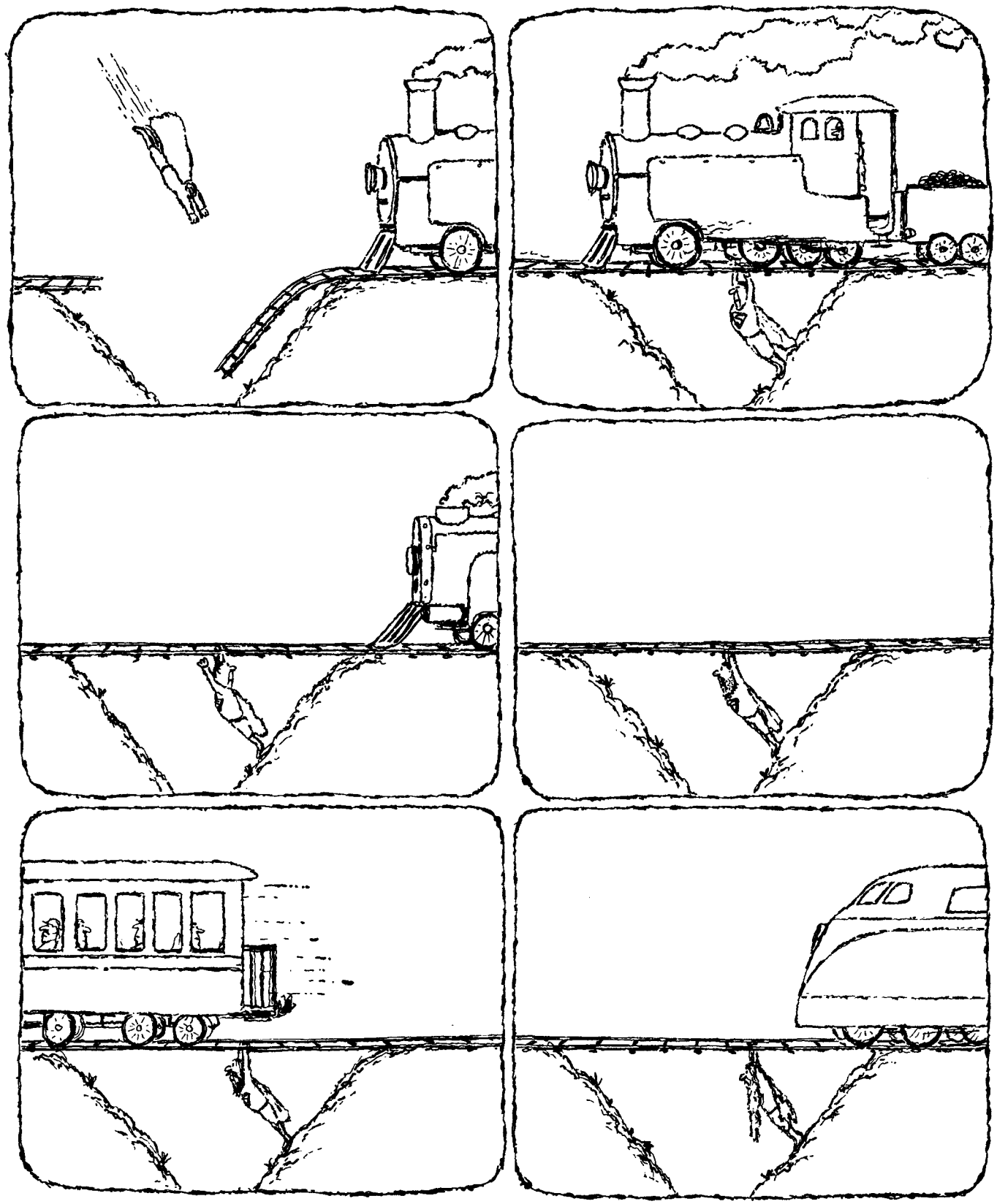

By Fernando Krahn

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The Ghosts of Windhoek

NOEL MOSTERT

WINDHOEK, SOUTH WEST AFRICA

OF ALL the countries which have stood consistently in the news and headlines since the war, probably none has remained more elusive and obscure than South West Africa. Few outsiders have any flesh-and-blood image of the place. For most, it is an international issue and a principle, scarcely more.

For the past fifteen years or so South West has been the United Nations' hardy perennial. In the few postwar years which produced no major crisis, it usually has been the only source of General Assembly passion. We may safely expect it to serve again.

Last year the International Court of Justice rejected a complaint by Ethiopia and Liberia about South Africa's administration of the mandate over South West which it had received from the League of Nations. The rejection was, however, on purely technical grounds. Thereupon the United Nations voted to terminate the mandate and to take over the administration of the territory. South Africa, however, is determined to hang onto South West and is pressing ahead with its long-term political and economic plans for the territory. None of the western powers (Britain and the United States have made their positions unequivocally clear on this) will back forceful seizure of it, and the Soviet Union, for reasons of its own, is equally reluctant to become involved in such an adventure. The independent African states, who naturally are the ones most exercised by this matter, are incapable of matching South Africa in the field, even if they could agree amongst themselves to do so. For the moment therefore it would seem that the only practical question that can be asked or answered about South West is what has long been the obvious omission. What of the country itself? What *is* going on there?

Penguins and Skeletons

The reaction of anyone flying into South West for the first time is "Who would want it?" It appears to be, and for the most part certainly is, the most parched, wasted, and abandoned region south of the Sahara. There is no place quite like South West. Everything about it seems either bizarre or, at the very least, extraordinary and larger than life. It is a place where diamonds have been found lying upon the ground as thick as plums under a tree, but where many people have never seen green grass. The scalded desert rolls right down to a freezing-cold sea—chilled by the Benguela Current coming up from the Antarctic to form here off these coasts one of the richest fishing grounds in the world. Seal and penguin come ashore from that icy water to walk on a coast where men have died of thirst.

This dead landscape is always yielding some compelling contrast. When the fish run off the coast the sky is blacked out by tens of thousands of devouring birds. In the wilderness, herds of game several thousand strong stampede from nowhere, pounding across the plain incited to frenzy by the bead of some distant moisture in their nostrils.

Upon all this the human mark has been poignantly set down with graves, skeletons, and ghosts. The graves are of those who had companions; the skeletons of those who hadn't. Nowhere are ghosts more imaginably mounted. They are aboard the ships that have ridden inland from the coast at some remote desert location—having been wrecked decades ago and since then been slowly, funereally, borne intact away from the shore by the dunes. Or in the Baltic castles built by long-departed German barons. Or, most luminously of all, in the delicate paintings left on cave walls by Bushmen artists of antiquity.

BUT the principal ghosts are from South West's brief and terrible history. That history largely begins with the arrival of the whites, who have been living in South West for only about eighty years, compared to four hundred in Angola immediately to the north and three hundred in South Africa to the south. The gap that South West represents between those two countries says as much about the place as anything.

Nobody ever wanted it, or considered that it was of any use. The ancient Portuguese navigators took one look at the fearsome coast with its killer surf thundering upon a Sahara-like shore and did not pause for a second; to this day ships steer well clear of the Skeleton Coast, as it is called. It was this coastal Namib Desert, running like a narrow white moat along almost the entire length of the South West shore, that helped seal off the interior and those living there from any prying newcomers, and it was not surprising that South West was practically the last available space left after the "grab for Africa" that brought colonialism to

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the continent with such a rush in the 1870's. Germany, which had been last in that race, decided to take it, however unpromising it seemed.

There had been great blood-letting upon South West's central plains through most of the nineteenth century as the Herero, a Bantu people, and the Nama, descendants of the Hottentot clans that once ruled most of Southern Africa, constantly fell upon one another. At one point the Hereros had been considered virtually wiped out. They were soon to renew the experience. The Germans settled several Nama uprisings through the 1890's, but then in 1904 the Herero rose in a great rebellion and murdered a thousand German farmers, soldiers, and traders—always sparing, with a gallantry rare in African warfare, the lives of the women, children, and missionaries.

In retaliation, the Germans sent out a General Lothar Von Trotha, whose dedication it became to root out every Herero man, woman, and child and to put them to the sword. He almost succeeded. The Hereros were reduced from about eighty thousand strong to a remnant of fifteen thousand who scattered into the desert, where many of them perished from thirst and hunger. In the sixty years since Von Trotha's mission their numbers have slowly risen to just over forty thousand.

Tribes and Tribulations

South West still has the most strangely assorted grouping of races of any African country. There are twelve groups altogether and they seem to have very little in common. Elsewhere, including South Africa of course, there is an immediate and powerful feeling of a common African identity, however diverse tribal differences may be. Here there is very little of that; the racial groups are scattered in pockets and even the Bantu groups are isolated from one another. Administratively, this has made things immeasurably easier for the South African authorities, particularly in their new drive to create Bantustans in South West—that is, sealing off racial groups into so-called homelands where they supposedly graduate to self-rule over an unspecified period of time.

The Bushmen probably were the original inhabitants of South West and there are about thirteen thousand of them left. Since these gentle stone-age aborigines represent no threat to anyone, they are treated with an uncommon affection by the territorial administrators. It is the sort of loving care expended upon museum pieces. But affection of this nature does not extend to three other equally fascinating racial oddities in the territory, who form a strange and disturbing community of the unwanted.

These are the aforementioned Nama, descendants of the Hottentot clans who once were masters of most of Southern Africa, the Rehobothers,

and the Coloreds (mulattoes). They hold themselves zealously apart from one another, yet they are bound by tragic blood ties. The Nama had great power and great chiefs in the nineteenth century; they now live in minor reserves or work in the cities. The Rehobothers prefer to be known as the "Basters," which is Afrikaans for Bastards. They don't intend that anyone, least of all their near relatives and rulers, the Afrikaners, should forget their origin—Dutch fathers and Hottentot mothers. They bear old and honored Afrikaans family names and their language is predominantly Afrikaans. But they belong in the nonwhite category and no claim of kinship will persuade Pretoria to adjust that line. The Coloreds, who are the product of the continuing process of miscegenation, form two per cent of the population, but belong nowhere and to no one.

Such is the fragmentation of races that the whites actually emerge as the second main population group today. There are ninety-six thousand of them, outnumbering the Herero by more than two to one. The largest group of all is the Ovambo, who number nearly 280,000 and thus form about forty-five per cent of South West's total population of 610,000. But living as they do in the very north of the country, just south of the Angolan border, their numbers have no corresponding impact. They reached their present settlements about three hundred years ago and, quite unlike other Bantu tribes, who are notoriously footloose, they've never since developed any notion to move.

To be sure, the Ovambo men supply most of the labor of the territory. Without them, the Persian lambs on the great ranches wouldn't be slaughtered, the copper mined, the diamonds retrieved, the ships loaded and unloaded. But when Ovambo men go south they leave their wives behind. An Ovambo woman outside Ovamboland is a rarity. This is one way that the Ovambo chiefs retain their power: they preside, as it were, over a land of hostages. If their families accompanied the Ovambo men, they probably would settle where they worked and possibly never return.

To this day most Ovambo show an unquestioning acceptance of the rigid codes of tribalism, which elsewhere in Africa have either been displaced or are in a state of evolution. The day of my arrival in Windhoek, the capital of South West, provided an unpleasant memento of the sort of horrors that that kind of primitivism perpetuates: the newspaper provided long reports of the trial of an Ovambo chief for ordering the eyes of one of his subjects, suspected of theft, to be put out with a hot awl. The task, moreover, had been delegated to the victim's mother, whose response to the headman's order had been: "You are the captain and the law."

The South African government has ringed the Ovambo country with a tight security cordon and strangers have found it almost impossible to get entry permits. The ban was partly due to the Angolan troubles, but even more to Pretoria's concern to maintain an eminently satisfying status quo. The chiefs, knowing full well to whom they ultimately owe their power, co-operate closely with the government, and the Ovambo do what their chiefs tell them to do. The South African government has in fact announced that Ovamboland

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is to be the first of the South West African homelands to receive self-government, and the chiefs have completely endorsed these proposals.

The Proud Clerks

For years now the Herero have symbolized the nonwhite opposition to Pretoria and they are unquestionably the outstanding people in the territory. Tribulation has put iron into their souls and character. Many of their leaders have been remarkable men and even individually they are a formidable race. They have sworn not to acquiesce to any form of apartheid, no matter how sugar-coated, and they don't. This resolution has won the admiration and respect of even the testiest of South West's whites. The Herero seem to have a distaste for manual labor; in Windhoek they are clerks, chauffeurs, teachers, storekeepers, those representing pretty well the urban summits of achievements open to them under present circumstances.

Their implied and expressed contempt for the white man is constant and considerable. Their whole bearing is one of defiance and distance and disdain and, since they are not only, so far as I'm concerned, the most handsome race in Africa but also among the most smartly turned out, they make their point with complete effect. No one could ever forget his first sight of the Herero women in their magnificent mid-Victorian style dresses, which they copied from the styles worn by the wives of the first German missionaries. Walking Windhoek's streets, one feels that one is mingling with the cast of a particularly extravagant and colorful period show; the Herero women have given the high-waisted, ankle-length, mutton chop-sleeved nineteenth-century dresses a color and vivacity that stuns the senses in that brilliant light. And they wear them, of course, as nobody else ever could. Or ever did. Only, you never seem to see them smile.

ALL the political roads inevitably converge on Windhoek, which is one of the most attractive and relaxed towns one could hope to encounter anywhere. But the town's most curious distinction is that it is the only center in Africa where whites outnumber the entire local nonwhite population. This gives it a euphoria that the other subcontinental cities lack. The whites clearly don't give a damn about anything. They are not overly worried about the world and what it thinks, or about the U.N. and what it might do.

South West is not as thoroughly within the South African context as one might suppose after more than forty years of a mandate that has seen a massive inflow of South African and especially Afrikaner immigrants. Racially speaking, things are perceptibly easier in South West than in South Africa. The whites know that the Herero hate them, but since they outnumber them anyway, they aren't worried. Apartheid exists of course, but its rules don't seem so hard and fast. You don't see that great proliferation of signs that is so characteristic of South African towns. When two Herero political leaders called on me at my hotel (it was *their* suggestion that they visit me there) the desk announced matter-of-factly on the telephone, "Two gentlemen to see you, sir." I brought them up from the lobby to my room and ordered tea without

any discernible surprise or dismay registered anywhere. In South Africa this not only would have been impossible but illegal.

The German presence has a lot to do with this. They are unencumbered by the historic alienation from the black that affects the Afrikaner so much. And to such a degree that another of apartheid's pillars, the Immorality Act prohibiting sexual relations between different races, collapses swiftly here. "What can you do?" a young South African policeman complained. "If we took them all in for that, man, we wouldn't have any Germans left here."

The evidence is tragically available. At the hotel I commented to another Windhoeker on the rare prettiness but exceptional sullenness of the waitresses. Most of them were very fair and one of them was truly an exceptional beauty. "They're Colored," he said. Accustomed as I was to the arbitrary racial definitions of southern Africa, I was astounded. I had assumed them to be white. "They don't know their Daddies, all postwar Germans," the Windhoeker said, "Or, if they do—their Daddies don't know them." I'd noticed that the girls never thanked one for the tips or responded to any "Good Morning" or "Good Evening," but after that one couldn't mind.

Katatura Spells Apartheid

Politically, the South West African stalemate is represented in Windhoek by a place called Katatura. It is the focal point of the Herero resistance to the government. Katatura is really as good an example of low-income resettlement housing as one could find anywhere. Lying a short distance from Windhoek, it offers compact homes, each with its own small garden, as well as clinics, schools, electricity, sanitation, playing fields, community social halls, shops, service stations, and a library. It was to have replaced the original native quarter, a vast slum town that sprawls along the very fringe of Windhoek and where there are no facilities or sanitation and the homes are mere hovels built of rusting sheets of corrugated iron. Namas and Ovambos and Damaras and others have moved in to Katatura, but the Herero refused and continue living as a point of principle in their unsightly shacks. They insist that to accept Katatura is to accept apartheid, which they will never do.

The government is not likely to attempt to move the Herero by force. It can't afford the unfavorable publicity, but the shanties anyway are freehold and there is as yet no legal device available to the government, no Group Areas Act, which is the fundamental instrument of apartheid in South Africa. Had this been South Africa the Herero would have been in Katatura a long time ago.

"Of course Katatura is better," Clements Kapuuo, the young Herero spokesman, told me during our interview. "It is farther from town,

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which we don't like, but the homes are good. But it's apartheid and we won't touch it. You needed a permit to go, didn't you? A policeman to show you around? And when you arrived at the entrance, what was there? A police station, wasn't there?"

A former schoolteacher, Kapuuo is now a reasonably prosperous storekeeper, who has gradually taken over the leadership of the Herero. The U. N., he asserts, should take over South West "very soon." How? "By whatever means they can." There would be perhaps a two-year U.N.-administered mandate and then elections, and, if necessary, economic aid. An independent South West would want nothing to do with a South Africa in which apartheid was still practised. But the South West whites would not be victimized; they would keep their farms, except those on original Herero lands. He saw no difficulty in bringing the races together under a unified constitution. "We will manage."

The real and fascinating point of this interview only struck me after we had parted: I had been talking to a man who represented 6.4 per cent of the total population of the country but who unquestionably assumed that his would be the voice of authority in any majority government of the future. To that degree do the Herero see themselves as the natural leaders of South West.

How various races so long isolated from one another would manage together is probably the main question in South West's future.

"Who knows what would happen here in South West if it became an independent country?" The speaker was Israel Goldblatt, a Windhoek lawyer and one of those gentle and remarkable liberals who crop up in the oddest corners in Southern Africa. He has the field in Windhoek, where his remains the single dispassionate voice. "It is true that most of the people are very simple and backward. The Ovambo will take a long time to change. But Africa's got to learn. People keep referring to things like the Congo and Nkrumah. There had to be mistakes. There are going to be a lot more. But I'd be depressed if I thought that the present state of things here was permanent. The government spends a tremendous amount of money on the nonwhites. It says, Look what we're doing for you! But the African is not interested in the question, Are you treating me well? He wants his freedom. The government has made it a cardinal point to keep the tribes apart in South West; if it didn't, it says, they would be fighting one another. The old thing, divide and rule. But take that old location you saw. There we've had Herero, Bergdamaras, Nama, Coloreds, Ovambo, the lot, all living together and in forty years there's not been a single tribal incident of violence. If that's not a test, I don't know what is!"

What of the future? If South Africa ceded the mandate, to what degree could South West stand on its own? South West has advantages that few other African territories possessed when they achieved independence. It has been efficiently administered and, considering the nature of the land, magnificently developed. Nobody could fault the South African mandate on this. The expansion of medical and agricultural facilities for nonwhites alone has been remarkable; a commensurate effort in political development and a more proportionate distribution of the wealth, especially through better nonwhite wages, would have put South West, a big land with a handily small population, in a favored class of its own.

South West of Where?

South West is rich. The territory's budget for 1966-1967 was just short of $140 million, a remarkable sum for such an underpopulated country. This included a $28-million surplus from the previous year. A lot of this money comes now directly from South Africa through a huge development plan initiated in 1964 and which already has meant the virtual rebuilding of the entire infrastructure of roads, airfields, power grids, and essential services. This in turn has drawn in more industrial investment. But South West can stand on its own anyway with its revenues from its diamonds, copper, and other developing mineral resources. Cattle ranching and Persian lamb are the great agricultural industries, and then there is all that fish off the coast.

Though now governed as an integral part of South Africa, the country is accustomed to a considerable degree of autonomy. Aside from a fully independent budget, it has its own taxes and used to have its own postal service, agriculture, roads, health, and civil service. The South African government has been incorporating these into its own system, and one detects a distinct resentment by the white South Westers of this erosion of their autonomy. No one is going to pretend that they are likely to abandon their common cause with South Africa, yet it is worth reflecting that their individuality and sense of local identity might be an important factor should South West's sovereignty become negotiable. If South West should become independent, the majority of them would probably stay—they are far more numerous than were the white settlers in Kenya when it got its independence.

Whoever rules South West, it is hard to see how it could be detached from its natural markets and trading partners in South Africa without economic ruin. Far more likely would be a continuing association with South Africa on the same interdependent basis as that now operating between South Africa and South West's neighbor, independent Botswana, and the Southern African enclave nations of Lesotho and Swaziland. If those countries manage independence under black nationalism while equalizing their relations with South Africa, why not South West Africa as well? It may not be the perfect solution, but short of the unlikely possibility of force, the alternative is probably another fifteen years of international squabbling and U.N. resolutions.

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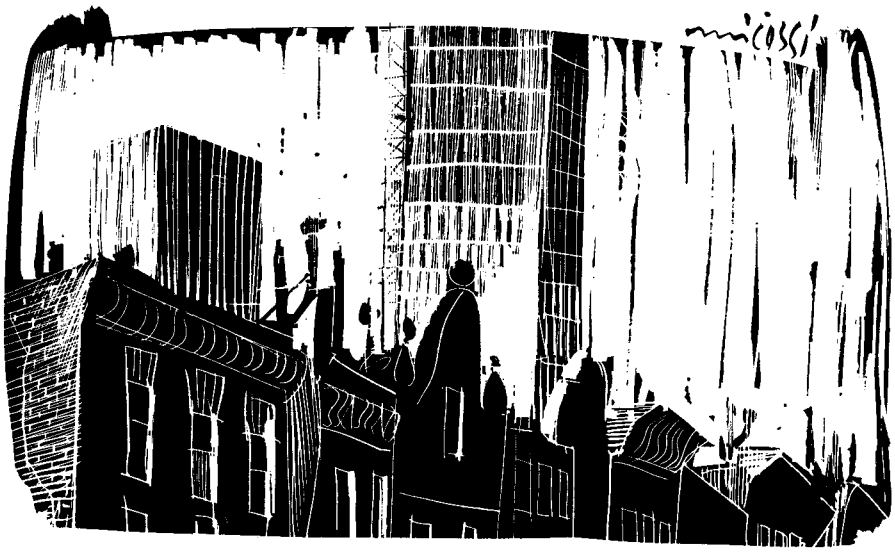

Pitterman Flies

ALBERT C. SCHMIDT

One morning Pitterman woke up and found he could fly. Not so fast, and not so high as he might have liked, but fly he could. It did not really surprise him: he had often dreamed of doing it, and worked up schemes for putting the knack to good use if it should ever come true.

The sensation was nonetheless unnerving at the start. He was going through the list of calisthenics he had tacked on the wall by the window, and had to squint against the sun to read it. A gust of spring air reminded him the pool would soon be open, so he abandoned the routine and began deep breathing instead, reaching out with his arms and closing his eyes. He imagined the fringe of the rug under his bare feet to be the frayed matting of his favorite diving-board. Suddenly he hit his head on the top of the window frame and felt himself treading air. A plunge and a few more strokes and he was out in the yard.

As soon as he made the mistake of thinking about it, he had trouble pulling back into the horizontal. His legs were getting weak above the knees. But determination did the trick, and he cruised smoothly around the house a few times, twanging the clothesline as he passed over it. His father, from the breakfast nook, caught a glimpse of him over the morning paper. Seeing his son floating in pajamas over the driveway, Dr. Baird reached for another cigarette, and watched his hand closely as he lit the match. Pitterman was disappointed. He came down and walked in the back door.

"Don't take it hard, Dad," he said. "I figured one of these days I'd catch on. This should wake old Evans up to my real potential." He pressed the toaster and poured some milk.

"Then I wasn't—then you mean you were . . ."

"This is it. By God, this is it. Just let me out of here." He gulped down the milk, forgot the toast, and ran to his room, banging on the walls with his fist as he went. He called to his father to pour him a cup of coffee. "Afraid I won't be driving you in this morning," he shouted. "Got to get to the office under my own steam. Muscle tone, that's what it is. Good old co-ordination." He got dressed in a flash and returned to the breakfast nook.

His father was watching him over the rim of his glasses. The twitch of the moustache told Pitterman what was coming even before the doctor had cleared his throat. Pitterman spoke up. "Couldn't we talk it all over tonight instead, Dad? I really have got to get moving. Kind of hard to estimate how long it's going to take. See you later."

This time the take-off was almost effortless. As he sailed above the neat little streets he debated whether to fly low now or save everything up for a big show in town. An old lady caught sight of him. Her visible fright gave him a pang of remorse, and he struggled on upward as hard as he could. "Maybe I should have gone with Dad after all," he thought. Yet when he had reached a thousand feet his buoyancy returned and he progressed with clean, easy strokes. From time to time he felt for his wallet to be sure it had not fallen out.

The skyline loomed closer, clipped and fretted. A glance down at the tracks and trash heaps renewed his misgivings. "Maybe there's a law against this," he thought, and looked in the direction of the airport. A jet gleamed in the distance; it looked too near for comfort. Directly below him was a used-car dump, jagged and ominous like a pile of old tin cans. He was losing altitude. He veered in the direction of the residential section where his aunt lived. "The office can wait, I have to figure this out first. At least Aunt Alma always has something to say." He circled over the roof of her building, landed cautiously, walked downstairs to her floor, and rang her bell.

She opened the door a crack, then unhooked the chain and let him in. "You surprised me," she said. "You never ring exactly like that. Have you been fired?" He followed her into the parlor and told her the whole story.

"So you had another fight with Grace and stayed up all night. Why don't you say so instead of beating around the bush? As for that girl, I know you as good as promised

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your mother, but then I never did understand her fascination with that family. Anyway don't beat around the bush with me, it's not like you."

"No, no, you're wrong. I'm not making it up."

"What's with that girl at your office you mentioned. I forget the name. What was her name?"

"You mean Lilian?" He looked down at the floor in embarrassment that became impatience. "I really did do it, I tell you. Just phone down to the lobby and ask if anybody saw me come in that way, you'll see." But she shrugged her shoulders, and he said, "Okay, you asked for it." He puffed up, gave her a look of mixed ingratiation and defiance as though she were interviewing him for a job, and rose abruptly from the floor. He flew the length of the apartment and back again, feeling a bit foolish as he alighted with a ballet-style flourish in front of her. She stared hard and straight at him; her hands were gripping the arms of her chair.

"Well, Pitt, I guess this is your big chance. I knew it would come sooner or later. You had the right shape of head when you were little, only lately you seemed too anxious. But for what? You never admit you want my advice, although you come up here as good as asking for it when something is up. So here it is: go easy. Just go easy." She rose from her armchair, drew the curtains wider and toyed with the pen on her secrétaire.

"Go on over to work now and be careful. Save it for the weekend, when you can get out, get away somewhere and try it on. Then come see me this time next week."

He took the elevator down to the street and went to the office by bus. Evans saw him in the corridor and called him in. The switchlike flicker of the pencil indicated that the engines were being shifted in that seven-track mind: Pitterman waited for a signal to be seated. It was not forthcoming. "Twice in two weeks is too goddam often. I get tired of telling you people. Every Monday you think is Labor Day or something. Now either you get here for the gong or pack up. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sit down, Baird," Evans said. "Car trouble again?"

"No sir. And I didn't oversleep." It was not the tone he intended to strike, but he was musing on the open window behind the boss's head.

"Then what the hell? Your Dad's not sick, I hope."

"No, Mr. Evans, he came by himself today. I flew. This morning, you see, it was like this, I flew here and I don't know how to get up any speed yet."

"All right, Baird. Get back in there. And tell Jessie to get in here on the double."

The prospect of relaying a command to the cool head secretary was attractive to Pitterman. It would be obeyed and it cost him no effort, whereas telling the boss off would

mean another demonstration—by now his shoulders were sore—and would cost him his job. Would that be worth it? He should save his stunt for the bunch at the pool, or maybe for Grace or—for her. For her! It struck him, as he walked past Lilian at the card files, that the answer had everything to do with her. "She won't believe me, she probably has a date as usual, I'll follow high enough so she won't notice, then I swoop down, lay the guy low, and—carry her off? No, wait, better try it with a load first." He made a note on his memo pad: Rucksack. Then another note: Parachute?

He ate lunch alone. After looking halfheartedly over the luggage display at the drugstore he decided it would suffice to sweep Lilian only figuratively off her feet.

The afternoon dragged on. He watched the clock with growing anxiety, but Lilian must have quit early: at five she was nowhere to be seen and he knew he had missed her. In the elevator on the way down he picked up a colleague to whom he had hardly spoken in months. To the fellow's amazement he invited him into the bar, stood them each to a double Scotch, and then told him the story. "Is it as easy as all that?" asked the other, entering into the spirit of the thing but eyeing Pitterman narrowly.

"Sure, exactly like swimming. Only you use air."

Taking brusque leave of his puzzled companion, Pitterman overtipped the bartender, and ran to his father's clinic, fighting temptation all the way. Dr. Baird had left early, pleading a house call, and left a message that "if he feels like it" his son might ride out with one of the other doctors, a type with a small dark wife who had a tendency to ask Pitterman in for drinks and then insist he stay for dinner in the "Bavarian room." That was the last straw. The city oppressed him. His feet were numb, the sidewalks were hot. He noticed that most of the people looked down, or ahead, but not up. He turned into a side street, flexed his pectorals, shut his eyes and shot straight upwards.

Over Grace's neighborhood, which he thought he knew to the last hedge and hydrant, he had difficulty orienting himself. He floated aloof, feeling lonely and inadequately clad for air travel in the evening chill. Recognizing the movie theater, he glided down toward the neon glare and walked the rest of the way to her house.

Grace was dressing to go out. He waited, ill at ease among the familiar settees, the prints of ships and hunting parties, the countless figurines. Finally she made her entry, like so much more porcelain.

"Why didn't you phone? I promised mother I'd take her to the theatre. But we might as well have a drink, anyhow. She won't be ready for ages. Pitterman, what's the matter with you? You look awfully pale."

"Must be a cold coming on. What'll it be?"

"Oh, the usual."

"That could be anything."

"Then you decide. Not your first party tonight, don't tell me."

"Guy at the office must have had a birthday or something. Dad went home early so I hung around."

"How do you like me? You didn't say anything." She did a perfunctory pirouette. He looked at her legs, then went into the pantry and made highballs, dropping icecubes and

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kicking them under the cupboard. He wondered who Lilian had a date with. She sure had been in a hurry. The curve of her neck had preoccupied him all afternoon. Drinks in hand, he returned to the salon and considered the prospect: Grace showed more, but to less effect. Would she be lighter to carry? He set the tumblers down and held out his hand.

She stepped back. "Silly, you can't dance without music. I'll put on a record."

"Never mind that. Come on, I've got something to show you." He took her by the waist and told her to relax. Though his manner brought to mind the backstroke lessons he had subjected her to the summer before, she obeyed. But she did not hold on, and he needed both his arms for the takeoff. He soared aloft, tinkled the chandelier with his foot, and looked down at her.

HER CONSTERNATION eddied into laughter, and the tears flowed. "Oh, do you look ridiculous up there! I can't stand it."

And in walked her mother. "Pitterman Baird, stop that this minute. Stop it, I say. You come right down from there, do you hear? Grace, are you ready? We shall be late. Pitterman, have you spoken to your father about the arrangements? I called your stepmother before her departure and she told me, rather curtly I thought, that she would go along with whatever we decide. I should like to have the announcements out early, as I particularly intend to invite. . . ."

He landed on the piano, jumped down, brushed a cobweb from his trousers, and left without a word.

It took him one more day to work it out. First, he put on a short performance for Evans, who fired him, called the cops, and rushed to the clinic. Then, after a long walk in the park, he invited himself to his aunt's for lunch. Alma did not press when he refused to discuss the problem; nor was she offended when he told her that he could not wait and could not explain why, that he must go ahead on his own and not lose time.

That evening, he followed Lilian home from a discreet altitude, intending to reveal his plan to her, but changed his mind at the last minute. He would have to face the situation alone, then let her make a decision. He would not see her until it was all over.

As soon as he got home he borrowed enough from his father to pay for the trip. The doctor was only too happy to hand him the check, and asked him no questions. He packed his things and spent the rest of the night in his room reading the encyclopedia, selecting a destination, and mapping out his route.

ON BOARD SHIP it seemed to Pitterman that for the first time in his life he was altogether easy in his mind. He kept in trim with a few nightly springs and loops from the sports deck, and stayed away from the bar. He wrote Lilian a letter telling what he was going to do and why. After debarkation he made a final check of his rations, mailed the letter, and set out on his way.

He flew in long slow stages, losing track of days and dates, gradually improving his altitude but trying to stay out of the clouds. When he reached a village clearing that looked as likely as any in the country of his choice, he hedgehopped just long enough to produce an appropriate assembly of natives, then dropped into their midst and let himself be crowned. The ceremony was not what his fancy and his last-minute researches had led him to expect, but he ate well for the first time since the voyage. He sensed trouble when he shied away from the pock-marked queen they selected for him, but a fast swoop up to the treetops and a jackknife down again was all he needed to do to pacify them.

Time passed. By contemplating his navel only, amid the distracting ornaments that bedecked his person, he avoided succumbing to the spell of the jungle. He mastered the dialect of his subjects and some of their torpid rhythms, and gave his royal exhibition at regular intervals.

The day came when he felt beyond a doubt that the people were fully and properly conditioned to the reassuring ritual, and he gave the signal for what he knew would be the final performance. The drums began. With a shudder he realized he would not have to act the part, for he was genuinely scared. The drama would be physical.

The crowd gathered. He went through the warming-up routine, mechanically, taking care not to let his feet leave the ground for the least fraction of an inch or a second. He knew dismay and registered it. The soles of his feet seemed to be freezing and burning at the same time, but he stood fast and did not let go. Arms rigid, outstretched sideways at shoulder level, he oscillated his shoulders ever more imperceptibly, tipped his hands ever so slightly up and down from the wrists, and at last, skimming a bare subsistence of breath from the top of his lungs and feeling the reserves below would cause him to burst asunder at any moment, he let his arms fall limply to his side. The beating of the drums echoed inside his brain. Concentrating solely on stomach and diaphragm, on buttocks and pelvis, he ceased all movement entirely, and stood there. Gradually the incredulity of the mob subsided, giving way to a muffled frenzy of murmuring and mumbling. Pitterman was seized with terror. But he had gone too far to turn back now.

THE PURSER gave him Lilian's letter on the first day out. He read it over and over and could hardly believe it. She was waiting at the

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pier when he got off the boat.

"So you did come after all. Why didn't you wait till you heard? I almost didn't think I could stick it out."

"Wasn't that the point?" she asked.

"Then you really believed I could. Fly, I mean."

"Why not? But if you had shown me beforehand, I might not have come."

"That's what I figured."

"By the way, your father called."

"You're kidding."

"Okay, I'm sorry. I was worried. I called him. He told me to come over and we talked and he wanted to know what I thought, why you couldn't settle the whole thing at home. He looked sort of sad. I don't think he liked it when I told him that was a stupid question."

"You said that?" Pitterman laughed.

"Well, it was."

"I know, that's half the trouble, I suppose. At least I didn't think I had that much time."

"It was Lilian's turn to laugh. "You were probably right," she said. "Now tell me, quick, what happened? What did they do?"

"They didn't get mad at all. They even let me go on living in the big hut, but they simply were not interested any more. And I had to eat with everybody else. That queen used to walk by. . . ."

"That who?"

"The queen, never mind, I'll tell you about it sometime, anyway she would walk by and make noises sometimes, and there was always an old character behind her, doing a dance and spitting and things, but the rest of them—you'd have thought I didn't exist. They didn't care a hoot when I finally just walked away. I waited till I was well out of sight before I took off."

PITTERMAN'S popularity as a diving coach is enhanced by his refusal to take part in competitions himself. He does occasionally yield to temptation, during lessons, but only in obscure ways that even his wife does not always recognize, and only to illustrate a difficult point when he feels that the extra fraction of momentum will provide a clearer picture.

BOOKS

News and the Newsman

GENE BARO

IN SEARCH OF LIGHT: THE BROADCASTS OF EDWARD R. MURROW, 1938-1961. *Alfred A. Knopf. $6.95.*

In principle, what interest can a volume of broadcasts have, old news broadcasts at that? They're divorced from personality. All the inflections and mannerisms that gave life to their even prose are missing. And events have passed them by with a vengeance. Nothing is staler than yesterday's crisis, when there are so many now to pick and choose from. Yesterday's joys? Only the chronically nostalgic return to the text. Some can live through Queen Elizabeth's coronation every day from a newscast, but it's not an ideal introduction to the past.

The case is plainer with catastrophes. They are preferred fresh if they're to hold the mass audience; here, everyone's agreed. And such events need to be projected as entertainments, since improved communication techniques have almost overdosed us with them. Today's reporter brings the microphone to the fallen riot victim; the murderer capers for the cameras when he isn't actually performing before them. A few brave words from the battle line might strike us as commonplace.

What's wanted from the airwaves are well-modulated excitements, words and images that will stir people without moving them—or is it the other way round? It's all right if listeners and viewers shift uneasily in their easy chairs, as long as they settle back. The game is, they mustn't touch the dials.

I'M SAYING that a book of broadcasts, 1938-1961, seems beaten before it starts. The spoken word without the voice is a balloon without air. The news of those years is played out, without quite being history. Then, there's the limitation of broadcasting as a news medium to consider, its rule by sponsor and corporate image; its objectivity by directive; its dependence on teams, and on echelons of executives; its ambivalent service to the great public that wants its open way; and, finally, its tendency to simplifications, its frequent haste and uneconomic brevity.

Where such a book succeeds in holding us, as this one does, it is because of the man, the broadcaster, and not because of the news he reads. The sustained dramatic interest is the news working on the man. Others saw London during the Blitz, courted danger to report bombing missions at first hand, and so forth. Edward R. Murrow's book is distinguished, not for newsmen's hazards, for these and thousands of other incidents and exposures in a long career (he gave more than five

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ARE YOU GETTING ONLY THE TOP OF THE NEWS?

News is like an iceberg—you see only a small segment. The greater part spreads out wide and deep beneath the surface. △ To a ship passing by, the unseen part of the iceberg is the most crucial – and to anyone going through the news, the *facts that lie beneath the surface are most crucial, too.* △ That's why ships need radar to guide them—and that's why you need The Reporter to guide you through the news. △ In reporting major events, The Reporter regularly takes you beneath the surface to show you how deep and how far each event really goes and what shape it finally takes. △ In tracing the origin and the impact of important news this way, The Reporter has made so many discoveries, uncovered so many hidden facts, that it has already won 32 top awards for outstanding journalism. △ So you can see for yourself how much deeper your understanding of the news will be when you read The Reporter regularly, we're offering you a special "new subscriber" rate. With this half-price rate, you can get the next full year of The Reporter for less than a penny a day. You can receive

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THE REPORTER

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thousand broadcasts), but because Murrow was a particular sort of person.

He had a concern, for instance, for democratic values, and a belief that these values were the tools to make the future. In that regard, he was an old-fashioned American. He had humility, empathy, and a sympathetic sense of responsibility to his audience. Part of the extraordinary quality of his broadcasts is that he was often able to put himself in the place of his listeners when giving the news. He illuminated a situation according to the American layman's interests and understanding, as if that housewife, clerk, farmer, mechanic, doctor, or shopkeeper had been on the spot, too. Then Murrow might push knowledge and understanding forward a bit. He would plant a thought or two gently. He was never the demogogue. He scarcely ever spoke as an "authority"; it was not his way to trade on his expertise. Customarily, he said less than he knew, but in such a way as to give scope and point and impetus to the listener's own awareness.

Murrow thought of himself as a reporter first, then perhaps as a news analyst. The Columbia Broadcasting System, for which he worked throughout his career as a broadcaster, has high standards of reportorial accuracy and a distrust of editorializing the news. In part, those standards and proscriptions were developed by Murrow. When he returned to broadcasting in September, 1947, after a year and a half as a CBS vice president and director of public affairs, he saw fit to quote from his contract: "News periods . . . should be devoted to giving the facts emanating from an established news-gathering source, to giving all the color in the proper sense of the word, and interest, without intruding the views of the analyst."

Of course, Murrow's views were always there to be found, but mainly in the selection and organization of his material, rather than in overt thesis or aggressive statement. His wartime broadcasts from London are a case in point. He was wholly sympathetic to the British cause. He was certainly a supporter of Roosevelt's emerging policy. But he did not lecture the radio audience on the issues as he saw them. He made those issues palpable by reporting the life of Britain in wartime. Picturing the struggle day-to-day, he was able to convey what the struggle was about. Dwelling upon small incidents—but not laboring them—he exposed the values that made sacrifice meaningful for the British. He made Americans sense their kinship, and so renew it. The news itself was the message.

More often than not, Murrow analyzed simply by providing the frame of reference by which the news could be understood. He brought a few things together; they hovered on the verge of a conclusion: usually, it was left to the listener to jump to it.

This was particularly the technique of Murrow's American broadcasts. Dealing with subjects like the Hiss case, the Army-McCarthy hearings, or the responsibilities and privileges of a free press, he would remind his audience of the connection with basic American concepts and democratic traditions. The news and its implications were inseparable. He was after the meaning in events.

None of this is to say that Murrow wasn't hard-hitting. He wasn't a wild puncher or frequently riled; the blow was more effective when it came. But blow perhaps gives a false impression. Murrow was essentially constructive, even when angry. When Senator McCarthy's committee was investigating the Voice of America in 1953 and charges flew thick and fast, Murrow proposed "a group of professional newsmen and information specialists to study the output of the Voice of America over a period of weeks or months . . . to make an informed report regarding the accuracy and reliability of the reports being broadcast." When he was invited to address a convention of radio and television news directors in Chicago in 1958, he took the opportunity to challenge the industry to meet its obligations. That fine speech is still worth quoting:

"I refuse to believe that the presidents and chairmen of the boards of these big corporations want their corporate image to consist exclusively of a solemn voice in an echo chamber, or a pretty girl opening the door of a refrigerator, or a horse that talks. They want something better, and on occasion some of them have demonstrated it. But most of the men whose legal and moral responsibility it is to spend the stockholders' money for advertising are removed from the realities of the mass media by five, six, or a dozen contraceptive layers of vice-presidents, public relations counsel and advertising agencies. Their business is to sell goods, and the competition is pretty tough.

"But this nation is now in competition with malignant forces of evil who are using every instrument at their command to empty the minds of their subjects and fill those minds with slogans, determination and faith in the future. If we go on as we are, we are protecting the mind of the American public from any real contact with the menacing world that squeezes in upon us. We are engaged in a great experiment to discover whether a free public opinion can devise and direct methods of managing the affairs of the nation. We may fail. But we are handicapping ourselves needlessly.

"Let us have a little competition. Not only in selling soap, cigarettes and automobiles, but in informing a troubled, apprehensive but receptive public. Why should not each of the twenty or thirty big corporations which dominate radio and television decide that they will give up one or two of their regularly scheduled programs each year, turn the time over to the networks and say in effect: 'This is a tiny tithe, just a little bit of our profits. On this particular night we aren't going to try to sell cigarettes or automobiles; this is merely a gesture to indicate our belief in the importance of ideas.' "

He was no pundit, no prophet. He had no dazzling gift of phrase, but he did his homework and he thought things through. Broadcasting schooled him in getting to the point: "The astonishment caused by Fidel Castro's rise in Cuba is a reminder that people still do not properly evaluate the power of guerrilla warfare. If skillfully used, it

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White, white, luminous but
Blind—fog on the
Mountain, and the mountains

Gone, they are not here,
And the sky gone. My foot
Is set on what I

Do not see. Light rises
From the cold incandescence of snow
Not seen, and the world, in blindness,

Glows. Distance is
Obscenity. All, all
Is here, no other where.

The heart, in this silence, beats.

Whiteness of Fog On Wintry Mountains

(To Baudouin and Annie de Moustier)

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

Heart—oh, contextless—how
Can you, hung in this
Blank mufflement of white

Brightness, now know
What you are? Fog,
At my knees, coils, my nostrils

Receive the luminous blindness,
And deeper, deeper, it, with the
Cold gleam of fox-fire among

The intricate secrets of
The lungs, enters, an eye
Screams in the belly. The eye

Sees the substance of body dissolving.

At fog-height, unseen,
A crow calls, the call,
On the hem of silence, is only

A tatter of cold contempt, then
Is gone. Oh, try to remember
An act that you once thought worthy.

The body's brags are put
To sleep—all, all. What
Is the locus of the soul?

What, in such absoluteness,
Can be prayed for? Oh, crow,
Come back, I would hear your voice:
That much, at least, in this whiteness.

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can be the greatest material force in the modern world, next to nuclear energy" (January 2, 1959); "If we get absorbed in conducting the Cold War on the other side of the globe, we may find the Cold War is being brought to our own backyard, and that we are strangely incapable of dealing with it" (February 25, 1958); "De Gaulle has the amiability of a cactus. And his views are likewise forbidding. He was against European union. He is capable of taking France out of NATO" (March 18, 1958). With Murrow, insights are frequent and often formidable.

He could be wrong, of course. He became critical of policy in the Korean War, incorrectly, as it turned out. Once, on August 14, 1950, CBS failed to use his Tokyo broadcast because they thought it might hurt the war effort. These are occupational hazards of the man on the spot, identification, over-involvement, a temporary loss of the large perspective. As correspondent, Murrow was far freer of this disorder than most.

His respect for fact usually made him cautious, for "fact emanating from an established news-gathering source." This attitude served him even more admirably in television, where his documentaries were models of clarity.

In 1961, President Kennedy appointed Murrow director of the United States Information Agency. He served with distinction for three years, until failing health forced his resignation. In that period, the Agency reached a peak of prestige abroad. Murrow believed in American culture and allowed it to speak for itself. The usual propaganda, which assumes that non-Americans are a bit witless and surely without minds of their own, was dispensed with. So were postures of moral superiority. As Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., put it in *A Thousand Days,* his history of the Kennedy administration: "Under Ed Murrow the Voice of America became the voice, not of American self-righteousness, but of American democracy."

Murrow was a conservative who believed in liberty, a libertarian who believed in law. The democratic process was his faith. It is in these terms principally that the broadcasts continue to live. He told the truth in order to see.

Out of Time, Out of Place

ANNE FREMANTLE

MYSTICS AND ZEN MASTERS, by Thomas Merton. *Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $5.50.*

"All reality," Sir Rabindranath Tagore declared, "is relationship," and that, according to Christians, goes for the Supreme Reality also, for whom that relationship is expressed by love loving itself. In his latest book Thomas Merton, a Trappist monk and the author of one of the most "interior" of autobiographies, *The Seven Storey Mountain,* describes some of the "correspondences" between traditional western mysticism and the eastern "ways." He succeeds in bringing his subject down from the high theological airs, and making the mystical experience seem, not easy, but natural, as swimming or skiing are natural, the exercising of man's highest faculties in the way they were intended to be used.

He discusses Classic Chinese thought and the Zen koan; he has pertinent things to say on Russian and Protestant mystics and monks; he comments sadly on the tragedy of the condemnation of the Jesuit missionary methods in China, and on the *dégringolade* of the Christian pilgrimage into the Crusade. In this connection, he notes that in the ninth and tenth centuries,—those Dark Ages—"even killing in war was regarded as a sin requiring expiation . . . a soldier who killed a man in war was obliged to a forty-day fast, even though he might have killed his enemy . . . under obedience to his officer. . . ." As late as the eleventh century, Burchard of Worms equated killing in war with ordinary homicide, and assigned seven years of penance, without distinction as to offense or defense. What a long way Christians have come since then!

AMONG the "correspondences" between Zen and Christian "states" of recollection, he suggests one between Hui Neng's revolutionizing of Buddhist spirituality by his discounting of the practice of formal and prolonged meditation, and Dom Augustine Baker's rejection of special methods of self-examination at set times. Hui Neng was the Sixth Chinese Patriarch and lived in the seventh century A.D.; Dom Augustine was an English recusant Benedictine of the early seventeenth century. Hui Neng "placed no confidence in self-emptying introversion," and for him "all life was Zen," while

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 176

by HENRY ALLEN

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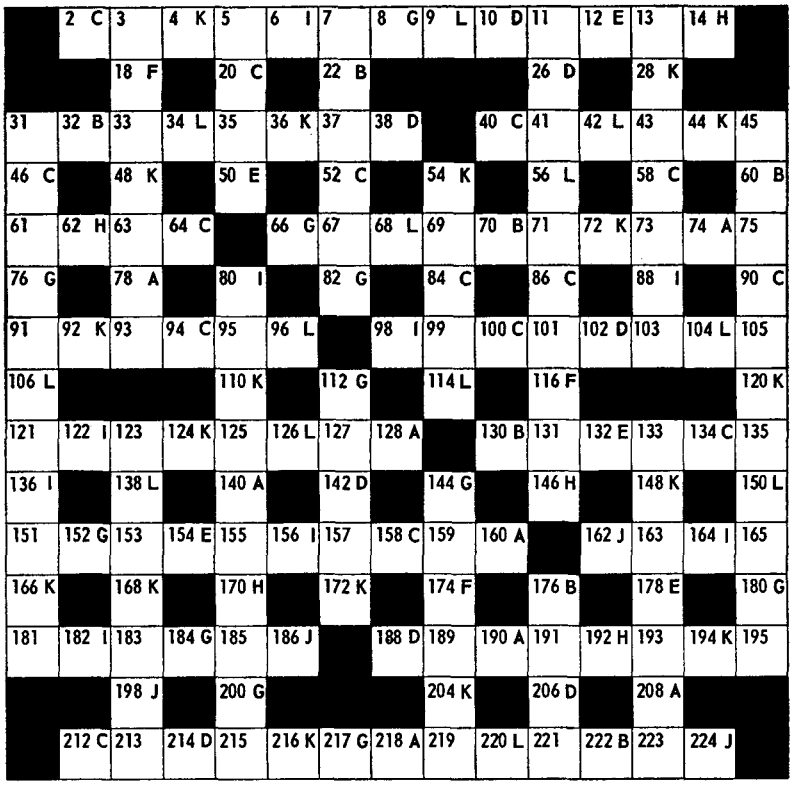
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
74 208 160 78 128 140 190 218
Solanum Melongena.

B
22 222 176 60 32 70 130 "Let fanciful men do as they will, depend upon it, it is difficult to _____ the system of life." Dr. Johnson, in Boswell's "Life."

C
20 46 94 64 52 90 212 84 86 2 58
100 134 158 40 Major sports event in Britain (9,6).

D
102 10 188 26 38 142 206 214
Habituate.

E
178 12 132 154 50 Man's name (diminutive).

F
174 116 18 A famous Roderick.

G
82 144 152 217 8 184 200 76 66
112 180 Patching a gutter, for example (8,3).

H
170 146 14 192 62 A kind of church day.

I
136 88 6 156 98 122 80 164 182
Diminutive layer (6,3).

J
198 186 224 162 The most important part of a camera.

K
4 110 28 216 48 124 166 168 148
204 172 120 54 44 36 92 72 194
Displaying most speed in a dash (8,4,6).

L
150 9 126 106 138 34 220 114 56
68 42 104 96 Agricultural structure near a stream edge, perhaps (5,4,4).

ACROSS

1. The Acrostician has been called the father of this (3,6,4).
31. Elbert, but when they're Mother, they're dress.
40. Rascals who camp on board.
61. Snatch from a sitting rabbit.
66. Won't this man ever take a vacation in his vocation? (3,7).
91. How a lord might refer to a fief holder in sham (3,3).
98. Street in London where there's clangor, 'e says.
121. A veil made in times gone by.
130. Fruit that may be top in show business.
151. Where a general substance may be found, all in all (2,8).
162. Followed by 212 across, observe a proof, done in protest perhaps (3,1,13).
181. A machine for nine, for example.
188. Take a cot, since there are metaphysical pleasantries.
212. See 162 across.

DOWN

3. Take a chub with sap to go on wheels.
5. Gone some distance?
7. Peculiar real estate or told? Do tell!
11. Christopher's palace.
13. Tim takes mice to act in dumbshow.
31. Feature of a miniskirt that has nothing to do with price (4,7).
45. Sherlock's irregulars in North Africa? (6,5).
54. May be good when silver if you snoop.
80. Desire to make Heaven a toy (slang) (4,1,3,2).
112. Vews to find a shoat.
123. The lad Greg may sweep in the dust.
133. Explorer or image on one?
144. O, Rodin may be found, but not out.
176. Charge for a man from north of the Tweed.

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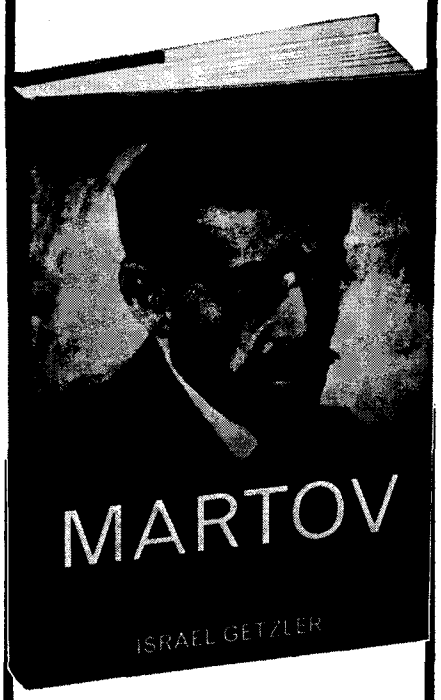
MARTOV



A Political Biography of a Russian Social Democrat

ISRAEL GETZLER

Julius Martov (Iulii Osipovich Tsederbaum) was of the generation of the Russian alienated intelligentsia which grew up in the reaction and gloom of the 1880s, turned Marxist in the early 1890s, and supplied the leadership of Russian social democracy in the 1900s.

This is the first full study of Martov, the founder and leader of Menshevism, and of his ideas and activities in the Russian revolutionary movement and in international socialism.

Dr Getzler traces Martov's career from his apprenticeship in Vilno and St Petersburg through his friendship and partnership with Lenin, the break-up of that association and the party split between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks in 1903, his role in the 1905 revolution and his later socialist activities ending with the Mensheviks in exile and his death.

Photographs and drawings $12.50

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

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Dom Augustine taught that a monk is sanctified by living his monastic life in its wholeness, "not in a strained fury of vengeful concentration upon one's semideliberate acts, but in the simplicity and compunction of a truly humble heart." What the monk seeks is that his whole organism may be vivified by a spirit of charity and a sense of the divine presence; what Yuan-wu tells his novices is: "stop all hankerings; let the mildew grow on your lips . . . let your one thought be eternity."

Another remarkable "correspondence" for Thomas Merton can be found in the self-seeing type of Zen of Hui Neng's school. For it "there is no Being besides Seeing which is Acting and these three terms, Being, Seeing and Acting, are synonymous and interchangeable." This suggests, not a Trinitarian doctrine of being, Merton comments, but a Trinitarian experience of the ground of being as pure void which is light and act because it is total fullness. As an "ineluctable" consequence of such a view, the fullness revealed must be love. Which is not exactly what western thinkers expect from Zen!

The inadequacy of expressing what can only be experienced has an unexpected advantage in that the stammerings of those who have been "there and back again" are unmarked by time or place. To take a single example from this book (in which there are many, many) let us compare two passages:

"One thing to me be all . . . and on this one depends all . . . what this one thing is I cannot say, I feel myself to desire it, than which nothing is better, nor greater, and neither can be thought."

And again:

". . . when you surrender all—your body your life, and all that belongs to your inmost self, ... you gain peace, ease and inexpressible delight. Once gained, eternally gained . . . yet really there is nothing gained, and yet there is truly something gained in this."

One—guess which?—was written by a Japanese man; the other by an English woman, over a thousand years apart.

This would be a better book if it were less of a grab-bag. Serious essays are cheek-by-jowled with banal book reviews; the same quotation is overworked by being repeated in different contexts. Tributes to great eastern thinkers are flanked by sparrings with a Dominican here or a Jesuit there, and no doubt Merton thinks it a compliment to write of the profound "Catholicity (with a capital C) of Confucian philosophy," but the "gentle" or general reader may find such infielding parochial.

However, it is always a pleasure to read such admirable English, and an excitement to hear an expert discuss his discipline—even—or perhaps especially? when that discipline is the way in, the way out, the way down, the way up, the way that is not, yet perhaps is the only way there is.

The Beautiful People

MARTIN NOLAN

THE WORLD OF JIMMY BRESLIN, by Jimmy Breslin. Annotated by James G. Bellows and Richard C. Wald. *The Viking Press. $5.95.*

Jimmy Breslin writes for one-third of a nation. He writes for and about the one-third of Americans most neglected by American newspapers. They are the one-third who live in cities. Cops, janitors, people who work in car washes, insurance offices, beauty shops—these are Breslin's constituents. The urban poor, both black and white, live in the same cities as do the middle-class not so poor, those who have not yet fled to the suburbs and who remain paradoxically as the largest bulwark against social progress for the urban poor. Together, they endure the joys and sorrows of urban life, experiences which Breslin chronicles with exhilarating abandon.

In this collection of columns from the late New York *Herald Tribune,* Breslin proves that if he is

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not today's best journalist, he is the best of those who write about people. Although reading Breslin can be rewarding and refreshing, it is necessarily sad for devotees of the *Trib,* since this compendium is in many ways an obituary of that grand experiment. In its last years, the *Trib* dared to be different, as Breslin's pyrotechnically distinctive style indicates. He was typical of the *Trib's* reaction—different from that of most metropolitan papers—to the great postwar suburban diaspora.

The greatest competition facing most big-city dailies during the past decade has been the growth of suburban dailies. To meet this problem, most metropolitan papers rushed correspondents to the suburbs to record the zoning controversy, the PTA meeting, the sewerage problem, and other menaces to suburban tranquility. They also developed specialists in science, education, medicine, and similar fields, an enterprise that largely turned out to be one of greater interest to suburbanites than to city dwellers.

As for the city, the place which gives each metropolitan paper its name and identity and where half or more of its readers still live, most metropolitan dailies chose to cover it the way cops and social workers do—only when there's trouble. Advertisers, alas, were interested in income-per-readership charts and growth rate projections, which the city's economic climate did not nurture. The *Trib* gambled and began to cover the city, discovering "the urban crisis" before John Lindsay or Abraham Ribicoff did. Annoying, bush-league tactics hampered this effort, to be sure. Little postcards to Mayor Wagner were scattered throughout the *Trib* asking, "How many muggings last night, Mr. Mayor and Mr. Police Commissioner?" After a Republican became mayor, the postcards stopped, but the muggings didn't.

THE *Trib* was urbane and did not write to formula. It thus won the loyalty of many readers if not many advertisers. In a magazine-like presentation, it served up a glittering roster of those who wrote to no formula: Breslin, Art Buchwald, Judith Crist, Evans and Novak, Walter Kerr, Clementine Paddleford, Dick Schaap, Eugenia Sheppard, and Red Smith. The élan of *Trib* writers in New York, Washington or overseas was born of necessity. Outnumbered, they had to outwrite the opposition. Most of the time they did.

Breslin outclassed the opposition by reconciling the cops-and-robbers tradition of American newspapers with the humane if offbeat influence of social psychology. He became, in the process, the nation's most perceptive behavioral scientist. There are many flaws in Breslin's writing. The credibility of his quotes is as strained as his credit. (When he won a $500 journalism award at Columbia University, Mutchie the saloon keeper accompanied him to the ceremony and collected $245 of it.) He is, as William F. Buckley, Jr. once said of Drew Pearson, as reliable as the New Haven railroad. Something of the *poseur* also afflicts his work. Although his editors say he grew up "in a rough section of Queens," his fascination for rudeness and violence perhaps reflects the fact that Breslin's upbringing was not so rude and violent.

The *poseur* in Breslin comes out mostly when he's dealing with big shots. His editors in this collection have chosen to keep the true focus of this book on Breslin's beautiful people, the ones who use his favorite expression—"Beautiful"—as a hymn of resignation and despair, laughter and irony.

His beautiful people either angered Breslin or aroused him to compassion. After a trip to Ireland he chastised Irish-Americans in New York for their lack of interest in writing. In a review of ". . . the most important Irish writing being done in the City of New York today," the best he could come up with were a brief "From the selected writings of Brady the Lawyer" and a policy "From the many writings of Walsh the Insurance Man." He is gentler toward the foibles of his friend Mutchie: "Like any other man, Mutchie is sure he is seventeen years old. His idea of a lady companion is a young blonde who is built like a municipal statue and who is just smart enough to answer the telephone."

BRESLIN treats Negroes, Vietnamese, cops, politicians, and his own larcenous acquaintances, like Bad Eddie and Jerry the Booster, as people, not statistics or social problems. His style evokes Runyon, Lardner, and Mencken. More importantly, his conscience and feeling for his people left an impact on the *Trib.*

He explained this feeling to his publisher, John Hay Whitney, after the paper announced that it did not endorse Barry Goldwater: "From the start, I had such confidence in you that I didn't even arrange for the loan of a gun to put in my mouth in case the paper backed Goldwater. You did exactly what had to be done today. I mean, if we let these people with their IQ of 95 get close to being President, why, all my friends will desert me and go into politics."

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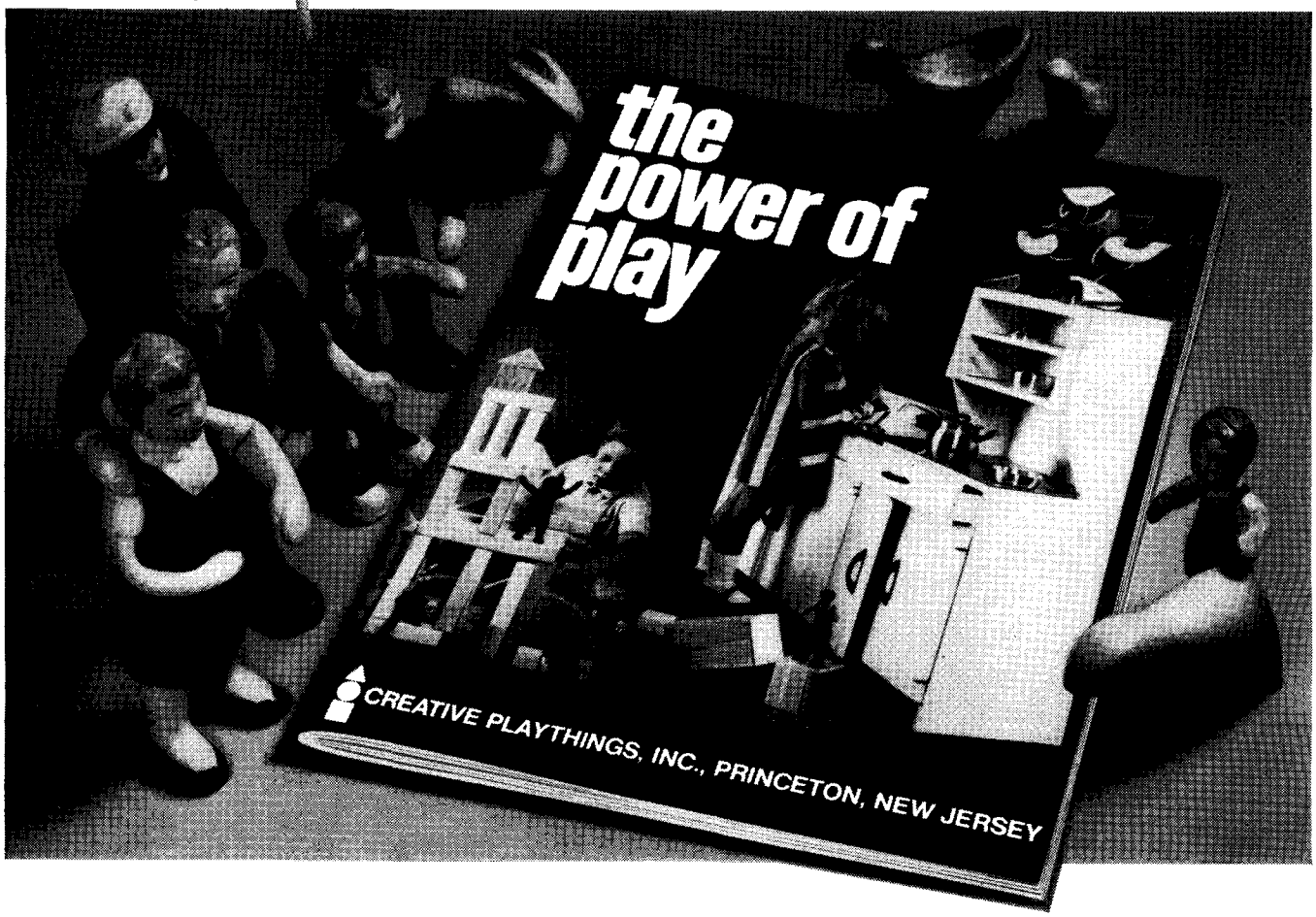

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